

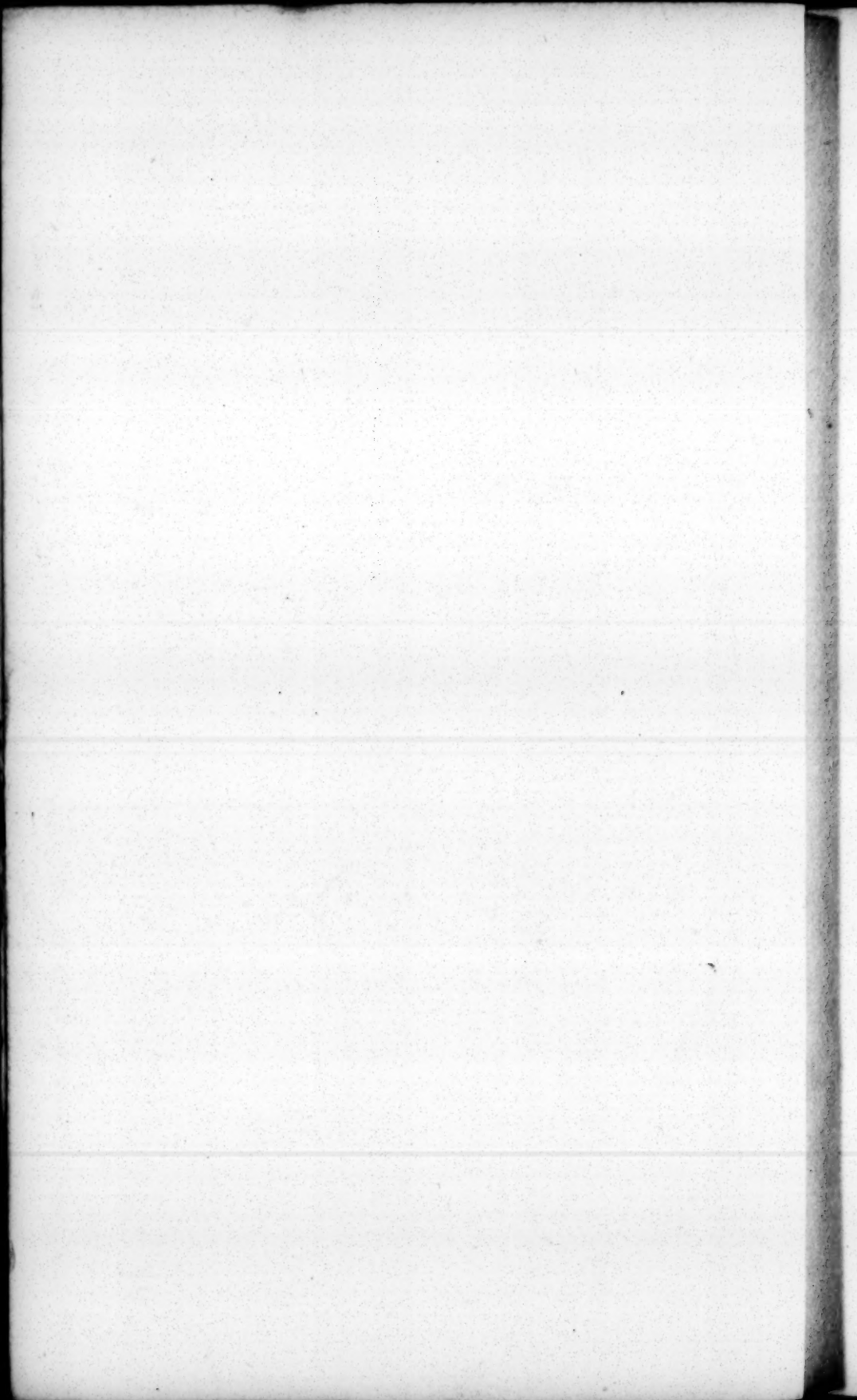


# P O E M S,

CONSISTING OF

ODES, SONGS, PASTORALS, SATYRS, &c.







# P O E M S,

CONSISTING OF

ODES, SONGS, PASTORALS, SATYRS, &c.

AND A DESCRIPTIVE POEM IN FOUR BOOKS, CALLED

## P R O S P E C T S.

BY THE REVEREND

GEORGE SACKVILLE COTTER, A. M.

OF TRINITY-COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

---

IN TWO VOLUMES.

---

DEDUCTUM DICAM CARMEN—VIRG.

---

V O L. I.

---

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365.

T O T H E  
R I G H T H O N O U R A B L E  
T H E  
C o u n t e s s o f S H A N N O N .

M A D A M ,

**I**T is observable that the opinion of the Public with respect to the merits of any publication, is directed by persons of real judgment, and Literary knowledge ; The Genera-

lity of People have not leifure to criticife, nor inclination to form a judgment for themfelves ; Many have not fuitable abilities to the task, and thus the right of Decifion is wifely configned to thofe of polite Education, extenfive Reading, and elegant Taſte in Literature.

This Conſideration induced me (when I propoſed to publiſh my Poems) to ſeek the arbitration of ſome eminent perſon, known to poſſeſs judgment competent to Criticiſm ; of one whoſe Taſte was  
elegant

elegant and refined, and whose Understanding was clear and discerning ;---I should have erred had I put in Competition the abilities of any Arbitrator with your Ladyship's well known taste and understanding ; for without flattery, and as in speaking truth from the real dictates of my mind I recede not, there is not any one of whose abilities in Criticism, (tho' they are so mildly exercised) I am so well convinced.

Your



Your Ladyship will believe me when I assert that I am in every respect diffident and doubtful, whether in my attempts at versification it is in my power to exhibit the least specimen of poetical Abilities; Which occasions me, in the bold attempt of committing poems to the press, to appeal for Decision in their cause to a tribunal that can be relied on for equity and skill ; and thus, Madam, I justify my presumption when I take the liberty of troubling you with the perusal of  
my

my Poetry, requesting your Ladyship will pardon, and patiently excuse the interruption it may give to studies and employments more useful and agreeable.

Sincerity directs my Pen, and in conformity thereto I freely declare, that whether you condemn or approve, I shall estimate the Quality of the Poems according to your Ladyship's opinion of them---I ask not Clemency or Partiality in your decision, tho' my rejection of awards of such a nature arises not from a  
reliance

reliance on the merits of my Composition ; for in truth, I much doubt the success of the Poetry when it shall be examined by the nice eye of a well-judging Critic ; Tho' friends have flattered me with a kind approbation ; tho' their partiality has stamped already a seeming value upon my work ; notwithstanding the prosperous ray of Hope that brightened the outset of my undertaking, I cannot but confess, even now, that a just opinion of the real qualities of the

Poetry

Poetry remains still to be ascertained within my own breast ; to which end, give me leave, Madam, to have recourse to that respectable judgment that is fully qualified to direct Poetical Talents much superior to mine ; and I am confident to say, that I shall deem your decision incontrovertible, from a conviction that your Ladyship's taste in Poetry, arising from natural Abilities, a cultivated Understanding, and extensive Reading, is more excellent than that of many Learned Men,

and

and equal to the Taste of any one  
whatsoever.

I trust these effusions of my real  
thoughts will never be construed by  
my Readers into a wish of flattery ;  
They who have the Honour of your  
Ladyship's acquaintance, will not  
hesitate to give Testimony to these  
assertions ; it would be superfluous  
to inform them (who are as well  
convinced of the following truth as  
I am) that Lady Shannon possesses  
every Grace of Person, Mind, and  
Manners, sincere and unaffected  
Piety



Piety and Charity, and every  
amiable Virtue that can adorn the  
highest Female character ; I shall  
not therefore extend this Dedication  
to a greater length, being sollicitous  
for an opportunity of subscribing  
myself,

Madam,  
With the greatest respect,  
Your Ladyship's  
most obedient and  
most humble Servant,

GEORGE SACKVILLE COTTER.

*Floraville, near Cork,  
February 1788.*



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INSTALLATION  
O D E.

(For M U S I C.)

ADDRESSED TO THE  
KNIGHTS of ST. PATRICK.

---

S T A N Z A.

AONIAN Maids, prepare the song,

(To you the wond'rous pow'rs belong)

The strains exalt ;—loud strike the lyre, that wound

To pitch sublime may rouse a madd'ning sound ;

Or softly sunk to notes,

Where breath melodious floats,

By Zephyrs borne in breezy gales,

To where a heav'nly calm prevails ;

But rather in a stately pomp and flow,

Shall the heart-thrilling solemn Music flow,

And sing, far as the mightiest concords go

From trumpet and the loud embold'ning drum,

Of Knights, that in Majestic Order come.

A

CHORUS.



## CHORUS.

Now glorious thoughts the heart exalt,  
 And loftiest sounds with all combine ;  
 Lift up the strain—Arouse—inspired  
 With universal voice conjoin.

## STROPHE.

Hark ! I hear the tabret's sound,  
 With instrumental notes profound  
 Low-mingling, while the Harp so sweet  
 Makes the gay Symphony compleat.  
 Strike on the festive Tabor ;—these  
 Glad sounds from heart rebounding, please.  
 Let the tones swell, or constant flow,  
 Where full and breathing organs blow,  
 And waft the deepen'd peals that roll,  
 Far thro' the concave of the pole.

## STANZA.

From Indus to th' expanse around  
 Of regions by wide ocean bound,  
 Or thence, where Western Climates far and near,  
 With vast Pacific hold the balanc'd sphere,

Amid

[ 3 ]

Amidst the Sons of Men

We search and search again ;

But nought of Glory, Pomp, or State

Superior find, or justly great

Compared with these full splendours, where combines

All Grandeur, that in thrones or palace shines,

That Nobles of the noblest virtues joins,

And holds conspicuous forth in social band

The great and much-loved Patriots of the land.

C H O R U S.

Gladden ye people ! as in shade

Of Erebus the vallies rung,

When rocks re-echoed Orpheus' voice,

And festive once the Manes sung.

A N T I S T R O P H E.

Now softer and inviting more

Arcadian Pipes a sweetness pour,

And ev'ry Muse that with delight

They oft have charm'd again invite.

'Tis well—nought greater blifs inspires,  
 Than full-concerted num'rous Lyres,  
 That vibrate mingling to and fro  
 Each Note, that Mufic can beftow,  
 And touch'd judicious, foften all  
 With Tenor's modulated fall.

C H O R U S.

Hail ! Joy extreme and welcomed full !  
 How gladly we thy grateful hour embrace !  
 In fuch a caufe who fhould forbear,  
 But with loud echoes rend th' aerial fpace.

S T A N Z A.

As we in feftive loud acclaims  
 Raife juftly thefe illuftrious names,  
 So in great Alexander's triumphs, high  
 And Pop'lar voices echoed to the fky,  
 There Lydian meafures well,  
 In pleafing accents fell,  
 And fung the mighty Conqu'ror's praife.  
 To flower ftrains, or Roundelays.

They erst the one victorious Hero sung,  
 But here loud Voice with distant-reaching Tongue  
 From many-headed crowds hath praises rung  
 Of these collected Great, so justly bound  
 With bays, and with Hibernia's honours crown'd,

## S E M I C H O R U S.

Mirth, advance, and social Glee,  
 From your blest recesses free ;  
 Forth your gay Companions all  
 Bring at Pleasure's sprightly call.  
 In order just to moods advance,  
 Sounding thro' the mazy dance ;  
 In sylvan scenes the measures lead,  
 In wood and grove and brighter mead ;  
 And where the Oak its shade profound,  
 Stretches o'er the hallow'd ground ;  
 Or on the grassy verdure, strains  
 Shall call the wood-Nymphs to the plains.  
 Chance the Muse may string the Lyre,  
 And such superior notes inspire,  
 As Rhodope' from Orpheus heard,  
 List'ning to the pow'rful bard,

Or witnessed Thebes from vocal shell,  
When skill'd Amphion sung so well.

CHORUS.

For glorious thoughts the heart exalt ;  
And loftiest sounds with all combine ;  
Lift up the strain—Arouse—inspired  
With universal voice conjoin.



[ 7 ]

O D E.

(For M U S I C)

ADDRESSED TO THEIR GRACES

The DUKE and DUCHESS of RUTLAND,

On their arrival in C O R K.

---

S T A N Z A.

**T**O sweetly flowing notes attune,  
And softly wake the trembling lyre ;  
Inspiring Muse, the festive strain  
Enrapture with Poetic fire ;  
From these blest regions far begone  
Heart-rending Care and Woe forlorn !  
Hibernia's noblest Virtues come,  
In RUTLAND, Great, Majestic, borne.

C H O R U S.

Of these Ierne's southern climes,  
Rejoice, ye happiest Sons, rejoice ;  
And let the jocund glow of Mirth,  
Exalt a loud, but tuneful Voice.

STROPHE.

## STROPHE.

Then fuller sweep the clanging lyre ;  
 Or let melodious warblings flow ;  
 Pour forth the Viol's swifter notes,  
 Now shrilly high, now softly low.

## STANZA.

Let not the tuneful String, that rous'd  
 More trem'lous vibrates to the found,  
 'Midst worthiest praises echoed loud,  
 While RUTLAND's name with Honour's crown'd,  
 The beauteous form forget, admir'd,  
 That 'midst the fair must fairest prove,  
 The Queen of Grace, that in her Steps\*  
 Bears Sweetness, Dignity, and Love.

## CHORUS.

Of these Ierne's Southern climes  
 Rejoice, &c.

---

\* *Et vera incessu patuit Dea.*

VIRG.

## A N T I S T R O P H E'. 1

May dulcet Flutes (the sweetest these,  
 Of all the Instrumental Quire)  
 May Harmonies, that bliss compleat  
 Excite, to please her all conspire.

## S T A N Z A.

But now the Lyre, howe'er inspired  
 At Beauty and at Grandeur's call,  
 The higher strains confines and tunes  
 To measures that mellifluous fall;  
 Each wish consigns, each pleasing Joy,  
 Which to bless human Life are seen,  
 And soothing pleasures, lasting, gives  
 To RUTLAND, and to Beauty's Queen.

## C H O R U S.

Of these Ierne's Southern climes  
 Rejoice, ye happiest Sons, rejoice;  
 And let the jocund glow of Mirth  
 Exalt a loud, but tuneful voice.

O D E

O                    D                    E  
                               <sup>T O</sup>  
 S   P   R   I   N   G.

---

## I.

**P**ROPITIOUS give thine aid my rural Muse,  
 And sing with tuneful voice,  
 A theme of vernal charms descriptive chuse,  
 In early year rejoice ;  
 Discolour'd Winter flies afar,  
 And deadly blasts attend his car,  
 While He in furlly state removes ;  
 See in the East his chilling train  
 Of Snows and Storms, and piercing Rain ;  
 The Southwind mild his glad departure proves.

## II.

What beauties now we see  
 Of hedge and budding tree ;  
 Copses greener know  
 The Season's lively glow ;  
 Thro' the woodland seen  
 Attend the opening green ;

In lighter tint array'd,  
 At first with scarce a shade,  
 But soon shall mingling boughs  
 A deeper hue disclose.

## III.

Let pipes the Season praise,  
 Give to the winds the sound,  
 Let fuller notes rebound,  
 Glad echoed in Arcadian lays ;  
     Low Zephyrs and sweet  
     Moist, temperate, meet,  
 Uniting to cheer the gay plains ;  
     While Phœbus's ray  
     Presides o'er the day,  
 And perfects the joy of the Swains.

## IV.

Thou, O Spring, thy mildness forth  
 Bringing, warmest the bleaker North ;  
 Mingling, tepid Southern roves,  
 Creeping thro' the teeming groves ;

Sparkling



Sparkling gayer clear rills drop,  
 From the sleepy Mountain top ;—  
 Where the waves pellucid, bright,  
 O'er the wide stream cast a light,  
 Burnished to the dazzling eye,  
 Limpid flowing, curling high,  
 The finny tenants of the flood,  
 Shew glitt'ring, leaping, darting in a sportive crowd.

V.

What colour in meadow and fields  
 Thus glows to the wandering sight ?  
 Enamelling whiteness it yields  
 A splendour compared to the light.  
 'Tis the blossom that new as the year,  
 It's gaudiness loves to display,  
 And shower'd so bright to appear,  
 Disclosed to the genial ray.  
 But listen a while to the voice,  
 Of Choristers tuneful and loud,  
 That make all the vallies rejoice,  
 Exulting in Musical crowd.

VI.

To gardens stray,  
 Where Vista's gay  
 On each side vivid hues disclose,  
 More than the gaudiest Season shews ;  
 See to the rising ray  
     As dew-drops melted fall,  
 The flow'rets hail the day,  
     Innum'rous colour'd op'ning all ;  
 Hepatica, thy beauties here  
 In simple Innocence appear,  
     Nor less the snow-drop charms ;  
 Jonquil and tufted Crocus shine  
 Auricula's more lovely join,  
     Where tepid solar beam prolific warms.

VII.

O SPRING with thy softening gales  
     Ætherial, hover around ;  
 Thy temperate pleasure prevails,  
     Inviting to echo a sound ;

To tune to the gladdening lyre,  
 A strain that may crown thee with praise,  
 That will to a measure aspire,  
 To rival the sweets of thy days.

---

O D E  
TO  
 S U M M E R.

---

I.

ADORN the Bow'r,  
 With ev'ry flow'r,  
 Let gayest bloom appear,  
 The choicest of the year ;  
 In gaudy crowds the blushing rose,  
 That brightest of the Season blows,  
 Adapt profuse, with leafy garlands seen  
 Of Aromatic sense, and beauteous green ;  
 O'er head to please the wand'ring eye,  
 The Jaf'mines blossom twine on high ;  
 Nor yet of Woodbine's bloom,  
 Neglect the soft perfume,

But wreath them bound

In circles round,

And then with Daify-spotted Carpet sweet,  
The fragrant Bow'r delicious full compleat.

C H O R U S.

Now ev'ry Faun, and fylvan God  
Wanders thro' the silent wood,  
Or grove, or beauteous glade beside,  
Or where the cooling Rivers glide.  
But rather under shadow'd trees  
Resorting, whilst the hum of bees  
And murmuring breezes wafted round  
Invite luxurious sleep profound.  
Enchanting seat of tranquil Joy !  
Pleasures mild that never cloy !  
When ardent Phœbus pours his ray,  
Cool retreat from burning day !  
Where the Ilex' green arms spread  
Circuit vast on grassy bed,  
That lofty o'er the Forest reigns,  
Monarch of the tufted plains.

II.

From the Bow'r  
 At Ev'ning hour,  
 Let's forth and jocund rove  
 To yonder darken'd grove.  
 Where Vista's lengthen to the eye,  
 With roof uprear'd and arched high ;  
 Lo ! there the Horizontal beam depressed  
 Glides mildly thro' and ev'ry leaf's at rest !  
 A calm, inviting tranquil walk,  
 Alone, or join'd with social talk !  
 And thence to please us still,  
 Let's to the bending hill,  
 Where shrubs around  
 Creep o'er the ground,  
 Or in luxuriant thickness beauteous seen,  
 Arise in glows of many-tinted green.

C H O R U S.

Summer, may thy breezes stray  
 Ever gently on our way,



And fan us while all joy prevails,  
 With thy soft bewitching gales.  
 May thy throne be 'stablish'd strong,  
 And rule the ling'ring Season long ;  
 Thee we call, and to thy Name  
 The bounteous flowing Song proclaim ;  
 Which shall o'er the Meads prevail,  
 Murm'ring to the distant Vale ;  
 We seek thee in umbrageous woods,  
 'Midst rocks, and wild mæand'ring floods,  
 Where Thou sequester'd in the dell,  
 Majestic, Solemn, lov'st to dwell,  
 And grateful reignest, pow'rful, free,  
 In shades Romantic form'd by Thee.

III.

In winding way,  
 From vocal spray  
 The dulcet warblings flow,  
 As thro' the copse we go ;  
 Listen to the pleasing Note  
 Of vying Songster's tuneful throat ;

B

What

What Music Nature's Choristers excels ?

What Harp, or Flute, or Pipe, or sweetest Bells ?

Catch the sound the mellow Thrush

Whistles full from yonder bush,

And modulator gay

The Red-breast pours a lay,

Delighting ear

Of all that hear.—

While list'ning Philomel the day consigns,

Each flutt'ring tribe in mirthful concert joins.

#### C H O R U S.

Pour the notes, ye rural Choir,

Such as sylvan Gods inspire ;

Shepherds, grace the tufted scene,

Dancing on the level green ;

Now in a grateful hour, the woods

We leave, and visit silver floods,

That thro' the meadows roll, or glide

Thro' covert dark with shadow'd tide ;

Rise, ye Naiads join the throng,  
And lead the festive dance along ;  
Let all combine to pour a lay,  
In praise of SUMMER's chearful day.

---

O D E  
T O  
A U T U M N.

---

I.

WE greet thee, AUTUMN, with a jocund strain !

Hail ! Plenty waving o'er the Golden plain !

And what theme can the Muse

That gladdens in a season blest,

With fuller pleasures chuse ?

For Sport and Plenty suit her Genius best.

Strike the string, O Goddess gay,

May sweet tones echo from the lay,

While AUTUMN harvests crown the verse ;

In strains mellifluous touch the lute,

Let softness breathe from mellow flute,

As rural joys the wild Song shall rehearse.

II.

See, o'er the gay plain  
 In lengthening train,  
 Where the Harveſt in plenty's upborne,  
 The Swain's with a Song,  
 Loud carol along,  
 And awhile is the Village forlorn ;  
 But yonder bright'ning ſheaves contain  
 Of the long year, the ample gain,  
 Where Stacks ariſe, where Reapers bind ;  
 'Tis pleaſure all, nor labour known,  
 For feſtive looks the promiſe own,  
 And Colin wooes his Sylvia to be kind.

III.

Come forth at early Morn  
 That peeps in dappled ſky,  
 Liſt to the clam'rous horn,  
 Nor let the joyous moments fly ;  
 Take the lead,  
 Wing with ſpeed,

Where

Where roaring the hounds  
 Stretch over the grounds,  
 With loud sonorous voice,  
 Let echoing rocks rejoice ;  
 Exulting, crying, shouting pour  
 Thro' swifter chace for many an hour ;  
 Pass on to the dale,  
 From the sleep of the vale,  
 No danger shall ever dismay ;  
 On Meadow so bright,  
 The Game is in sight,  
 And ardour outstrips the wide way.

IV.

To differing thoughts more peaceful hence we change,  
 And, AUTUMN, woo thy tranquil time,  
 When temp'rate mildness rules the clime :  
 On thy calm scenes how grateful 'tis to range ?  
 What tho' gaudy Summer's ray  
 Burnish not thy woodland spray,  
 Tho' crown thee not such verdure green ;



Thy yellow varied tincture spread  
On the wide-painted Forest head,  
Has charms in sober Eye transcendent seen.

V.

In leaf-clad walks to stray,  
And take our wand'ring way,  
With fancy unconfin'd,  
How grateful to the pensive mind !  
In brown, and gleaming dim, but pleasing shade,  
Lo ! Contemplation gives her silent aid.  
The rustling walk, the shrubs entwined,  
The Ivy with the Elm combin'd,  
As not a breath molests the trees,  
And scarce is heard the distant breeze,  
All wrapt in calmness, sober please,  
A chearful gladness give, and mild Poetic ease.

VI.

The swelling Vintage claims the strain ;  
With festive plenty Southern climes are blest,  
Where fertile lands, rich and luxuriant dress,  
Give liquid treasures to the crushing Swain.

No more in cluſt'ring bunches deep,  
 The purple fruits pellucid peep  
 From gay feſtoon of branches high,  
 While rip'ning Phœbus from the ſky  
 His beams maturing, piercing, pours,  
 And paints the ſoft delicious ſtores ;  
     Now loaded veſſels gush,  
     With univerſal cruſh,  
 Gladdens the Peaſant with new riches crown'd ;  
     In many a purple tide  
     The flavour'd juice ſpouts wide,  
 And fragrant inundation flows around.

VII.

Shall we not thy Season praife  
 Autumn giv'n to mirth and health !  
 Thy ſportive exerciſes raiſe  
 A charm preferr'd to anxious love of wealth ;  
     Where Coverts riſe and Copſes ſhade,  
     Or chance amidſt the op'ning glade,  
     Or from the fern, or buſh, or furze,  
     The ſpeckled Covey ſluſhing flurs ;

Wide

Wide ranging forth the eager Spaniel flies,  
 Woods echo to the Gun's loud-bursting found ;  
 While hast'ning Fate brings headlong from the skies,  
 And lays a lifeless Victim on the ground.

## VIII.

Hence, all ye ruder sports, begone !  
 Superiour joys has Autumn known,  
 With mild and temp'rate ray  
 She leads us forth to stray,  
 The flocks to visit, whit'ning seen,  
 Scatter'd on the pearly green ;  
 At early morn to climb the gilded steep,  
 And view the Sun emerging from the deep ;  
 If midday please, serener than the dawn,  
 To hasten healthful o'er the verdant lawn,  
 The Landscape, Hills, and Vales admire,  
 And where the colour'd herds retire ;  
 To trace the rill  
 From rising hill,  
 To wind along the stream,  
 Whose tide reflects the beam,

Shot paler from the Sun declined,  
While glitter white waves lifted by the wind.

## IX.

But why should still the Muse's pow'r,  
O AUTUMN, praise thy happiest hour ;  
All speak thy Season far and near,  
Most temp'rate of the changing year ;  
To thee, the Song uptuned should grateful flow,  
For rare thou giv'st the ruffian storm to blow ;  
Sport, and smiling Plenty's thine,  
Tho' sober oft the grey-clouds low'r !  
Tho' ardent ne'er thy splendours shine,  
Felicity attends thine hour,  
With ruddy health, and who should wish for more.

ODE

O D E

T O

W I N T E R.

---

I.

COME, livelong Darknefs deep,  
 That rul'ft the Wintry night,  
 From the Bœotian fleep,  
 A Goddefs forth invite,  
 Who on the winds to roam, and flormy blaft,  
 Or the drear icy flakes tempeftuous loves,  
 Who on the cold fhore bleak in Fancy caft,  
 The warring Elements, and horrors rude approves.

II.

What impulfe to the Lyre  
 Shall the rude theme infpire?

How



How shall the sounds confused  
Of various strings well used,  
Describe the whirlwind's ire  
Toss'd in Poetic fire ?

Thee, Winter, shall the Goddess sway,  
And call thee to the measured lay,  
Undaunted at thy fierce attack,  
Thy howling deserts shall explore,  
From Polar to the Southern shore,  
And fly on light wing rapid back.

III.

Where Northern regions glow,  
All whiteness, Ice, and Snow,  
New clouds the far Horizon crown,  
Fuller they rise, and mix, and lour,  
'Till all the Æther rushes down  
In frozen Elemental show'r ;  
The broad Lake stretch'd an Ocean round,  
Oppress'd emits a fullen sound ;

As

As hoar-top'd Mountains from their fleepy heads  
 Shake the vast glomerated drift,  
 Aspiring o'er the rugged Icy beds,  
 And cause the Vale it's vast expanse to lift.

IV.

Behold, amidst the wat'ry roar,  
 That lashes wild the founding shore,  
 And onward to the Pole,  
 Of broken, vast, and Icy heads  
 A disencumber'd ruin spreads,  
 While clouds above in conflict roll ;  
 See Winter rides on high  
 In congregated sky  
 Of Hail wide tempest-toss'd, of Snows,  
 Of Ice congenial, Sleet that blows  
 Keen as the blast in which 'tis pent,  
 Or loose along the main wide-whirling sent.

VI.

Reeling the darken'd thicknefs drives,  
 And mixing with the billows, strives

T' upturn

T<sup>o</sup> upturn the funk profound;  
 'Tis all, Clouds, foaming Surge, and Storm,  
 Black Mift, Confusion's fhapelefs form,  
 As Chaos had his antient Empire found.

VI.

Return, at length, my Mufe,  
 Nor yet thine aid refuse;  
 To thefe our Climates tend,  
 The willing Song befriend;  
 Now ftrike the lyre to notes,  
 While thro' the æther floats  
 A fofien'd found, that may invite  
 The lift'ning ear in Wintry night.  
 When in the blue expansive fky  
 The Night-fires fparkle, twinkle high,  
 That fhine irradiate, 'lumin'd all;—  
 Lo! where the gliding Meteor fhoots in diftant fall!  
     The keen froft glows,  
     The hoar dew flows,  
 Down to the hard incrufted river bed,  
 From atmosphere of cold by Winter led,  
 While to field-wand'ring Swains Ice crackles as they tread.

VII.

## VII.

The Scene's removed, and Fancy flies  
 To ruder horrors of the Skies ;  
     The short-day Sun descends,  
     Nor further comfort sends ;  
 Obscur'd are the Heav'ns in the track of his car,  
 Distent are the clouds with a deluge afar ;  
     First shiver the trees  
     With a murmuring breeze,  
 'Till strength wings the tempest with speed ;  
     Then smote by the flock  
     Tow'rs, Palaces rock,  
 And horrors of ruin succeed ;  
     Lo ! mingled with rains  
     Hail beats on the plains,  
 The forest wide yields to the flocks ;  
     Floods sweep thro' the dale,  
     And whirl in the vale,  
 Destruction on cattle and flocks.

## VIII.

But hence, Calamity, begone !  
 The Muse shall sweeter subject own ;  
 Shall visit Winter pleasing known,  
 Beneath the hospitable roof,  
 With friends united ;—jocund proof,  
 Blest is the season, grateful, mild,  
 When of external wrath despoil'd.  
 I view the blazing chimney round,  
 A happiest circle, that abound  
 In Mirth, and Glee, while festive grace  
 Sits uncontroul'd on Dælia's face ;  
 The flame uprising, burnish'd bright,  
 Each face reflects a chearful light.  
 Thee, Winter, let me visit in thine hours,  
 Where Concord reigns, and Conversation pours  
 Fast from the honest, unaffected heart,  
 Whence social pleasure adds it's eager part.  
 Such is thy triumph, Season grave, yet gay,  
 Thus blest, and satisfied, we wish thee not away.



O            D            E  
                   T O  
 H        Y        M        E        N.

---

I.

MUSE from thine abode descend,  
 Thou whom happiest hearts delight,  
 That joyest in fair Wedlock's smiles  
 Where Love and tenderness unite;  
 And thee, Terpsichorè, we call,  
 Who loudly, or with gentle fall  
 Ne'er struck the sounding string in vain;  
 Inspire a sweet connubial lay,  
 Let echoes murmur far away  
 And tuneful answer to the glowing strain.

CHORUS.

Soft and mournful touch the Lute,  
 Gently breathe the swelling flute!  
 For lo! at distance thro' the grove  
 The vot'ries come of wedded Love;

Forth

Forth advancing hand in hand,  
 What charms adorn the plighted band!  
 Youths endow'd with manly grace,  
 With females rank'd of beauteous face;  
 And each to each in looks impart  
 The language of a faithful heart.

II.

Hymen, to thee our Muse's theme  
 (Delights thee well the fragrant rose)  
 A woven chaplet bright we give,  
 And ev'ry flow'r that fairest blows;  
 Ne'er od'rous garland of the May  
 Once in Arcadia's happy day  
 With sweeter grace was beauteous crown'd;  
 Nor e'er amongst the Shepherds true  
 Of those blest regions, giv'n to you  
 Was gayer wreath, or gaudier Chaplet found.

C H O R U S.

Now in Fancy's humour gay,  
 At length we pour a chearful lay.

C

From

From pipe and tabor strike a found,  
 Nor mix'd with graver notes profound.  
 But let not ev'ry gladfome mind  
 Be to the list'ning mood confin'd ;  
 The Dance begin ; with nimble foot  
 Let each his active humour suit ;  
 Around the throne of Hymen, play  
 In sportive mirth the hours away ;  
 And while the swifter steps rebound,  
 Lead on encircling, round and round.

## III.

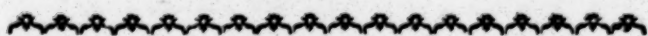
The measure swift break off, and all  
 The jocund dance awhile confine ;  
 For flow in solemn strains, the Muse  
 More aid invites with these to join,  
 In well-prov'd Hymen's honour'd call  
 From various times she brings them all,  
 Unnumber'd as the Ocean sands ;  
 From Kings to Shepherds, num'rous crowd  
 Of wedded pairs that praise aloud,  
 And ardent honour Hymen's sacred bands.

CHORUS.

## C H O R U S.

Thee, shade of Orpheus, we invite,  
 Who in the climes devoid of light,  
 By Hymeneal Love allur'd,  
 The dread Tartarian woes endur'd ;  
 Behold ! how throng the tribes around,  
 To honour Hymen's sacred ground !  
 Then each a beauteous chaplet weave,  
 And glad by turns the off'ring give ;  
 With these Felicity attends,  
 And to her fav'rites blessings sends,  
 Unfelt by others, unattain'd,  
 Where Vice and Lux'ry long have reign'd ;  
 Blessings, Hymeneal, great,  
 Peculiar to the wedded state ;—  
 Then, Hymen, may thy Joys be known,  
 For ever honour'd be thy throne ;  
 May all with wreaths thy temples crown,  
 And mankind thee their Patron own ;  
 The happiest of this mortal Life,  
 A constant Husband, and a virtuous Wife.

## PASTORALS and SONGS.



## A B S E N C E.

## I.

**T**H E Summer was chearfully gay,  
 The Meadows were charming and green,  
 Most sweetly I pass'd the long day,  
 When Clora enliven'd the scene ;  
 The birds as they sung from the spray,  
 And with melody soften'd the air,  
 Saluted the Nymph on her way,  
 And hail'd her the Queen of the Fair.

## II.

As we walk'd on the green blossom'd hill,  
 How fragrant and sweet was the gale,  
 That blew from the side of the rill,  
 Where violets painted the vale ;



Each flow'ret shone lovely to view,  
 With blossoms the verdure was spread;  
 The hours were too happy, 'tis true,  
 Too short—for alas ! they are fled.

III.

The cowslips and daisies that grew,  
 Seem'd to envy the bloom of the fair,  
 The Roses and Violets blue,  
 Lost colour, when she was but there;  
 When she spoke, what a sweet-flowing voice  
 Pronounc'd the dear thoughts of her breast;  
 How Nature seem'd all to rejoice,  
 —But attentive the Birds were at rest.

IV.

The Streams that glide gently along,  
 The Meadows all cover'd with gold,  
 They have listen'd too oft to my song,  
 They have heard when my Love I have told;  
 Each Zephyr, each whispering breeze,  
 The Lampkins so playful around,  
 The warblers that sat on the trees,  
 With tenderness echoed the sound.

V.

Ah! when fhall I walk in the grove,  
 Or court the cool fhade of the bow'r?  
 When with thee, my dear Nymph, fhall I rove,  
 And in converfe enjoy the bleft hour?  
 Again fhall the innocent fmile  
 Flow free without anxious care,  
 And a figh from the heart in the while  
 Shew fweetnefs and conftancy there?

VI.

Where now fhall I wander alone?  
 On the pleafanter beach of the fea?  
 The beach that fo bleft I have known,  
 When I fix'd my fond heart upon thee;  
 The view of the glafs-furfac'd tide,  
 That murmurs fo foftly to fhore,  
 And the green waves that pleafingly glide,  
 Once happy, are happy no more.

## VII.

Say, what will e'er give me delight ?

What prospect so lively and gay ?

Can the pleasures of Summer invite,

Or the sweet-blooming verdure of May ?

Oh never that joy shall I find,

On the beach, in the meadow, or grove,

If thou art not constant and kind,

And true to the dictates of Love.

The former PASTORAL,  
Translated into LATIN VERSE.

## I.

SPLENDEBAT quondam arridens mihi suaviter æstas,

Florida monstrabat gramina pulcher ager,

Lætus eram æstivi per tædia longa diei ;

En aderat cordi cara puella meo.

Dum vario resonare avium modulamine sylvæ,

Et latum audiri dulcisonumque melos,

Nympha, per extensum flectens vestigia campum,

Ibat cælesti pulchrior ipsa Deâ.

Progressis,

Progreſſis, altè quâ ducit ſemita, nobis,  
 Grata patebat ibi dulcis ubique roſa ;  
 Dum ripis equidem veniebat ſuavior aura,  
 Quâ redolens violæ flos decorabat humum.  
 Continuò nitidos monſtrabat gemmula flores,  
 Lucebatque oculis arboris omnis honos ;  
 Mecum egomet tandem infelix “ fuit hora beata,  
 Heu ! fuit hora brevis, deliciæque breves !

## III.

Lilia, pulchricolorque hortorum gloria, ut idem  
 Exoptare ſibi floreant ore rubor.  
 Purpureo viola exornata colore, rubentesque  
 Illâ pallebant adveniente Roſæ.  
 Quàm vox dulcifona ambroſiis ſuaviſſima labris  
 Edita, quàm fluere à virginis ore melos ;  
 Lætitiæ Natura dare hæc ſpectacula, miris  
 Quin preſſâ volucres voce, tacere modis,

## IV.

Gratus ubi nitidâ rivus perlabitur undâ,  
 Et piſta auricomis floribus arva patent,  
 Audiit en flumen, noſtros et ſenſit amores,  
 Quin gemitus noſtros, votaſque ſenſit ager.

Lene sonans Zephyrus, lenis circum aura fufurrans;  
 Inter ludentes quæ salit Agna greges,  
 Cantu mellifluo modulans ex arbore, dulces  
 Exultavit avis voce referre sonos.

V.

Ah ! quando ad saltus rursus vestigia flectam ?  
 Quando iterum recreans protegat umbra caput ?  
 Te quando latè comitem, carissima Nympha,  
 Alloquii libans Nectara pura tui ?  
 Illa sit in vultu rursusne expressa benigno  
 Lætitia, atque expers anxietate fluat ?  
 Amplius effundant gemitus se sponte fidei  
 Pectore, blanditiæ mollia signa tuæ ?

VI.

Quia tandem incertos mihi sit desistere passus ?  
 Æquoris an solus Littora grata petam ?  
 Littora, quæ quondam expertus gratissima novi,  
 Pectora cum flammis incaluere novis,

Longè



Longè illic vitreos prospectu est cernere fluctus,  
 Murmurat et placidis motibus unda sonans,  
 At glaucam labens quæ Lympha supervenit undam,  
 Non, ubi grata olim, jam mihi grata fluit.

## VII.

Felicitas doceas me animi, Dilecta, quietem,  
 Vitam quo dicas rure beatus agam ?  
 Amplius anne unquam possint æstiva vocare  
 Gaudia, vestitu et Maia cincta novo ?  
 Talia nil nostræ posthac mihi gaudia menti,  
 Nec mare, neve Agri, grata nec Umbra dabunt,  
 Ni tua sub memori maneat constantia corde,  
 Ni verus vero in pectore regnet amor.

INVITATION.

# INVITATION.

---

I.

MY Pipe, echo sweetly around,  
 And tune a gay pastoral strain,  
 That Clora allured by the sound,  
 May come from the neighbouring plain.

II.

But chance the glad joy of the Dale,  
 The Dance may her presence obtain ;  
 Festivity more may avail,  
 Than the Pipe of her faithfullest Swain.

III.

The Shades of our Valley, my fair,  
 Are void of the heat of the ray ;  
 The coolest recesses are there,  
 A retreat in the noon of the day.

IV.

As I sing in the depth of the grove,  
 Where elms in their branches entwine,  
 The birds tune their carols above,  
 But never so mournful as mine ;

For

IV.

For left by the Maid I adore,  
 As true Love assuages my mind,  
 And yields not to gaiety more,  
 To sorrow my heart is inclined.

VI.

My Clora, so charming and fair,  
 Whose form is admired by the Swains,  
 In pity, in kindness prepare,  
 To visit our lowlier plains;

VII.

What Gift is there now in the shade,  
 What flow'r so enticing and fair,  
 What blossom wild grows in the glade,  
 But for thee I will gather with care?

VIII.

My Lambs shall amuse thee with play,  
 As on the green bank you recline,  
 Before thee so fleecy shall stray;—  
 The whitest of all shall be thine;

IX.

If thou from thy Shepherd wilt deign,  
 From him who would wish to believe  
 Thou hearest him not with disdain,  
 So humble a Gift to receive.

X.

I'll make for thy pleasure a bow'r,  
 At the foot of yon sheltering tree;  
 And toiling for many an hour,  
 The task shall be pleasure to me.

XI.

The sweet-smelling shrub shall be join'd  
 To branches that droop to the ground;  
 The Pinks and the Roses combin'd,  
 Shall give a sweet odour around.

XII.

Does ever my fair one delight,  
 Tho' shades on the covert may gloom,  
 To wander where woodbines unite,  
 And Eglantines breath a perfume?

XIII.

If e'er be her wish to admire,  
 The beauty of Landscape and dale,  
 O then let her hither retire,  
 Where Nature and Art deck the Vale.

XIV.

Our brooks scatter forth from the hill,  
 And bubble mæandering here ;  
 Steal o'er the white sand in a rill,  
 As glass, so pellucid and clear ;

XV.

Where the willow bends over the wave,  
 And the Poplar o'erhangs the green side,  
 There sunk in a watery cave,  
 The silver-finn'd Nations reside.

XVI.

How pleasing to trace the wild maze !  
 And by the gay rivulet go !  
 How oft on the waters I gaze !  
 And the haunts of the fishes I know !

Where



Where fated and drowfy my fleep,  
 Are gather'd reclining at eafe,  
 I vifit fecured on the fleep  
 The induftrious ftores of my bees.

XVIII.

There oft in the heat of the noon,  
 While fhrubs twine my temples around,  
 Is the hum of melodious tune,  
 And my fenfes are lull'd by the found.

XIX.

My Pastures are green to the fight,  
 My trees and alcoves are admired,  
 Let the promife of pleafure invite  
 Thee, Clora, with pity infpired ;

XX.

If Pity, or e'en the flight pow'r  
 Of gentle approving be thine ;  
 Draw near in a prosperous hour,  
 To your faithfulleft Shepherd incline.

SONG

## S O N G.

## I.

SWAINS of the Dale, who ne'er have seen  
 My Love adorn the upland green,  
 By true description know the fair,  
 Tell me then, if Dælia's there.

## II.

This Morn, the Sun uprising gay,  
 She left the Hamlet, forth to stray ;  
 Chance to the hill her steps to bear ;  
 Tell me then, if Dælia's there.

## III.

Her Beauty's brighter to the Eye,  
 Than flow'rets of a crimson dye ;  
 In ringlets flow'd her nut-brown hair ;  
 Tell me then, if Dælia's there.

## IV.

Her shape (but who in words can trace  
 Or paint such elegance and grace)  
 Is thin, erect, with noble air ;  
 Tell me then if Dælia's there.

But

V.

But if you view her charming face,  
There beauty's perfect line you trace,  
Circled eyebrows, temples fair ;  
Tell me then, if Dælia's there.

VI.

The Rosebud oft you may have known,  
Red pouting burst, and precious blown ;  
Such lips has she, for whom I care ;  
Tell me then, if Dælia's there.

VII.

A Rosy Smile, a dimpled cheek,  
A skin so downy and so sleek,  
To take my heart resistless were ;  
Tell me then, if Dælia's there.

VIII.

I'll seek the wood, and cross the plain,  
And to the valley forth again ;  
I'll climb the hill with aspect gayer,  
And lighter heart if Dælia's there.

D

SONG.

S O N G.

---

I.

O CÆLIA, fairest of the fair,  
 As absent, lonely, far I stray,  
 Instruct me how, and tell me where,  
 I now may pass the livelong day?

II.

In vain I roam, and search around,  
 Tho' ev'ry clime on earth I try,  
 The love of thee will ever wound,  
 Thy beauteous form will still be by.

III.

O cruel Nymph, those words forbear,  
 That thou no more must yield to Love;  
 The plains could tell, and Shepherds there,  
 How oft I wept in every grove.

IV.

My flocks have shared their Shepherd's grief,  
 My vallies blooming once and green  
 In vain I hoped would give relief,  
 Nor be unkind as thou hast been.

V.

The fragrance of the dewy flow'r,  
 No longer shews it's sweets to me;  
 Now droops the shadowy Myrtle bow'r;  
 How gloomy looks the Forest tree!

VI.

Sincere to Love, I'll stray from home;  
 To distant climes I'll faithful fly;  
 Sincere to thee, I'll absent roam;  
 When fate commands, I'll faithful die.

J E A L O U S Y.

I.

UNHAPPY removed from my fair,  
 Oh! could I attend to her smiles,  
 And view what her features declare!  
 For chance she her Shepherd beguiles.

II.

Perhaps she is fickle and gay,  
 And blyther than Love should allow;  
 And absence may banish away,  
 The thought of my tenderest vow;



III.

'Tis said, and the villagers kind  
Have whisper'd it oft to mine ear,  
My fair one has lately inclined  
A livelier Shepherd to hear.

IV.

My Clora, beware of the Swains ;  
Their words carry danger and guile ;  
Tho' while they walk forth on the plains,  
They talk with an affable smile ;

V.

Apparel so gay is their choice,  
But vanity rules the design ;  
Tho' Compliments flow from their voice,  
They're false, when they flatter so fine.

VI.

I tremble, and anxious fear !  
O tell me how false is the tale ;  
Refuse me not, Clora, to hear  
None other shall ever prevail ;

VII.

I pine and am doubtful in thought !  
 Anxiety tortures my mind !  
 'Twas likely my Nymph would be fought,  
 And her heart to another inclined.

VIII.

As I walk in the meadows, I sigh !  
 And utter complaints in the shade !  
 Is inconstancy, often I cry,  
 To be found in so gentle a maid

IX.

I've heard all the Shepherds agree,  
 Perhaps 'tis a maxim to own,  
 That the hearts of all maidens are free,  
 And never have constancy known.

X.

If she that inspired me with Love,  
 And her words were so mild to believe,  
 Unkind to sincerity prove,  
 What Corydon's woe shall relieve ?

XI.

Despairing of ease to my care,  
 In the deep of the Forest I'll stray,  
 My mind, full of misery there,  
 May be pleas'd with the gloom of the way.

XII.

No other safe refuge I'll seek,  
 But to hide from the Nymphs of the plains,  
 Who cruel, tho' seeming so meek,  
 Hurt the peace of their favourite Swains.

D A M O N.

I.

SAD Damon left the festive board,  
 And to th' umbrageous covert hied,  
 Where in indulgence deep to roam,  
 And grieve the darksome dell beside ;

II.

For troubles inly weigh'd his breast,  
 That late his hapless heart had known ;  
 And thus he made his sorrow'd plaint,  
 Distress'd, unfriended and alone ;

“ Deep

III.

“ Deep is the wound which Love has made  
 In heart susceptible as mine,  
 Sharp is the thought of never viewing  
 Charms, my Delia, sweet as thine ;

IV.

“ Whene’er reflection’s pleasing pain  
 Recalls those happy scenes to view,  
 With joy sincere my heart o’erflows,  
 To think that Delia once was true ;

V

“ What tenderness unfelt before,  
 And softest passions warm’d my heart,  
 When in those happy vales we sigh’d,  
 And wept that we so soon must part !

VI.

Deceitful hours ! that could so swift  
 Fly to bring on our mutual woe !  
 In absence dreary, wearied Fancy  
 Feels them tedious, dull, and slow.

“ With

VII.

“ With fears unjust, O Nymph beloved,  
     How anxious once you used to say,  
 That absence soon would quite efface  
     The thought of e'en the happiest day !

VIII.

“ Vain were the words I then could use,  
     How e'er forget a form so dear,  
 Still with that fond look you told me,  
     Youth will seldom prove sincere.

IX.

“ Say do the hours pass happy on,  
     Nor does my sweet inconstant grieve,  
 Can the enchanting lawn or grove,  
     True happiness and pleasure give ?

X.

“ Can chearful dance or rural sport,  
     Thy mind amuse with social joys ?  
 Alas ! you ne'er reflect on him,  
     Whom anxious thought of Love employs.

“ Let



" Let not my fears, thus prove too true,  
 But tho' our fate awhile to part,  
 Still we may hope to meet again,  
 And share a mutual warmth of heart.

---

## G R I E F.

---

### I.

YE birds, who have witness'd my vow,  
 That I gave in the Sycamore shade,  
 And heard my fair Clora allow,  
 The tenderest promise I made,  
 O fly to the beautiful fair,  
 And tell her the grief of her Swain,  
 When of late she resign'd him to care,  
 And now has forsaken the plain,

### II.

Ah! say,—but the word should be mild,  
 The voice whisper'd soft to her ear,  
 How cruel she was to have smiled,  
 And encouraged her Shepherd sincere ;

Her

Her passion was tender, he thought,  
 Then fondly he gave up his heart,  
 He knew not the Nymph would have fought,  
 Ever thus from her Lover to part.

III.

Let her know, that I wander along,  
 Confounded, amazed, as I go !  
 My voice cannot utter a song,  
 Nor express my sad feeling and woe !  
 To lament to the forest I chuse,  
 And with weeping to water the plain,  
 But tears their lone comfort refuse,  
 And my Pipe cannot compass a strain !

IV.

May my sheep running far from their home,  
 (From attention alas ! they are free !)  
 In the sight of my Shepherdess roam,  
 Perhaps they'll remind her of me ;  
 My Lambs in her presence that play'd,  
 When once the gay valley she graced,  
 May remind, that on me, as we stray'd,  
 Was passion and confidence placed.

But

V.

But alas ! what have I for relief,

What hope to expect from our loves ?

She is gone and has left me to grief,

All, all, her Inconstancy proves !

For last when I saw her, she said,

Tho' her looks were as kind as before,

I heard it with sorrow and dread,

“ That I was not to think of her more !

VI.

Ah ! Clora, if thus you reward,

On a true lover fixing a doom,

If fatal should prove the award,

O promise to visit his tomb !

Strew Roses and violets round,

As a token you've pity and pain,

That you wish you had faithfully crown'd,

The Love of your sorrowful Swain.

S O N G.

## S O N G.

## I.

WAS ever hour so sweetly blest  
 As when with Clora forth I stray'd,  
 No longer with my cares oppress'd,  
 And listen'd to the charming maid.

## II.

Lone Melancholy, anxious fear,  
 By absence caused, I long had borne;  
 'Till Clora's self returning here,  
 No more I felt a pang forlorn.

## III.

With her thrice happy to the Groves  
 I roam'd, and thro' the solemn shade,  
 There listen'd to the cooing doves,  
 And ev'ry found the Zephyrs made.

## IV.

How swift before her steps I flew,  
 Each thorny briar aside remov'd,  
 And ev'ry twisted shrub that grew,  
 Left these molest the Nymph I lov'd.

Methought

V.

Methought she grateful look'd, and smiled ;—

The smile pierc'd deeply to my heart ;

I hoped alas ! by love beguiled,

That her's would share a mutual part.

VI.

Her words gave sweetness to the breeze,

That murmur'd then more sweetly round,

Her gentle mildness join'd to these,

Persuasion hung on ev'ry sound.

VII.

How could I e'er, my Swains, believe,

As thus I gave to her my Love,

When Happiness I should receive,

That sorrow would my portion prove ?

VIII.

Alas ! she's gone—I'm left to mourn !

Her mind is gay, her heart is free ;

The pangs of Absence might be borne,

If e'er I knew she thought of me.

IDYLLIUM.



## S O N G.

## I.

WAS ever hour so sweetly blest  
 As when with Clora forth I stray'd,  
 No longer with my cares oppress'd,  
 And listen'd to the charming maid.

## II.

Lone Melancholy, anxious fear,  
 By absence caused, I long had borne;  
 'Till Clora's self returning here,  
 No more I felt a pang forlorn.

## III.

With her thrice happy to the Groves  
 I roam'd, and thro' the solemn shade,  
 There listen'd to the cooing doves,  
 And ev'ry sound the Zephyrs made.

## IV.

How swift before her steps I flew,  
 Each thorny briar aside remov'd,  
 And ev'ry twisted shrub that grew,  
 Left these molest the Nymph I lov'd.

Methought

V.

Methought she grateful look'd, and smiled ;—  
 The smile pierc'd deeply to my heart ;  
 I hoped alas ! by love beguiled,  
 That her's would share a mutual part.

VI.

Her words gave sweetness to the breeze,  
 That murmur'd then more sweetly round,  
 Her gentle mildness join'd to these,  
 Persuasion hung on ev'ry sound.

VII.

How could I e'er, my Swains, believe,  
 As thus I gave to her my Love,  
 When Happiness I should receive,  
 That sorrow would my portion prove ?

VIII.

Alas ! she's gone—I'm left to mourn !  
 Her mind is gay, her heart is free ;  
 The pangs of Absence might be borne,  
 If e'er I knew she thought of me.

IDYLLIUM.

I D Y L L I U M.  
CORYDON and CLORA.  
The M E E T I N G.

---

I.

CORYDON.

MAY the beams that are seen thro' the shade,  
And gild the wide meadows with gold,  
Give joy to thee, beautiful maid,  
And the new day so happy unfold ;  
O Clora, how blest is the Swain !  
Thy presence has cheer'd the gay vale ;  
See splendid illumin'd the plain !  
How bright are the trees of the dale !

II.

CLORA.

Good Shepherd, I thankful approve  
Thy words and thy wishes so kind,  
How pleasant these walks of the grove !  
And the Landscape amuses my mind

Wilt thou, gentle Swain, as I fray,

You have courage and truth I have known,  
Conduct without danger my way ?

For I fear'd to have wander'd alone.

III.

CORYDON.

Sweet Maiden, how happy am I,

Made worthy to rove with my fair !

I'll guard thee, tho' danger be nigh,

With thee, ev'ry peril I'll share.

In the charms of the Morn I had thought

You delighted these vallies to see ;

Say, Clora, what cause should have brought

The bliss of thy presence to me ?

IV.

CLORA.

'Tis strange, as it sure may appear,

That a Maid unaccustom'd to rove,

Should be seen with gay Corydon here,

And visit his vallies and grove !

My sheep in a terror had stray'd,

Alarm'd and dispersed in the dawn ;

I gather'd them soon in the shade,

But one of them's missing and gone.

Perhaps

V.

CORYDON.

Perhaps 'tis a Ewe newly shorn,  
     As soft and as white as the snow,  
 For such a one Corin this morn,  
     Found wild in the pasture below.  
 But Clora, the pride of the plain,  
     Delay thee, and tarry awhile,  
 Let my valley thy presence detain,  
     And my fields that so gratefully smile.

VI.

CLORA.

Good Corydon, kind is your voice ;  
     'Tis folly now longer to roam ;  
 To recover my sheep I rejoice,  
     For Corin will bring it me home ;  
 And truly this scene is so gay,  
     These shrubs and the vale in the morn,  
 That here I should wish to delay,  
     But the Shepherds expect my return.



[ 65 ]

I D Y L L I U M.

---

CORYDON and CLORA.

THE

P A R T I N G.

---

I.

C O R Y D O N.

**I**T is sorrow to see thee depart,  
When the bliss of thy converse I own;  
Consent to the wish of my heart,  
Say when shall I see thee alone?  
I've much in my mind to be said;—  
I'll meet thee ere dews of the night,  
(And shall thy way thither be led?)  
Where the lawn and the Forest unite.

II.

C L O R A.

No, Shepherd,—thy honour, thy mind  
Is well to be trusted and true,  
Yet to this I could ne'er be inclined,  
For much to my character's due;

E

Thy

Thy heart may have more to be said,  
 Yet I cannot e're dews of the Night  
 My steps suffer there to be led,  
 Where the lawn and the Forest unite.

III.

C O R Y D O N.

How shall I thy prefence forego ?  
 So ardent I wish thy delay ;  
 Your words with sweet melody flow,  
 How pleasing whatever they say !  
 Then know the true thoughts of my heart,  
 With thee I'm enamour'd alone ;  
 My true Love I give without art,  
 Thee the maid of my wishes I own.

IV.

C L O R A.

O Shepherd, take back the rash vow !  
 You'll often repent of the tale ;  
 Nor hasty profession allow  
 O'er prudenter thought to prevail !  
 Tho' thy tongue may be true, as thy mind,  
 Oft changes the frailty of youth ;  
 Then to Love you'll no more be inclined,  
 But will forfeit your passion and truth.

C O R Y D O N.

V.

C O R Y D O N.

O ne'er shall it happen, I swear !

I devote my true passion to thee ;

Await thee my valleys so fair,

And my fields, if you'll listen to me !

My fountains, that bubble so bright,

My flocks and my herds shall be thine,

My shrubs and the shades that invite,

If thou wilt consent to be mine ?

VI.

C L O R A.

I cannot thy kindness requite ;

'Tis sudden, and gives me surprise !

I would not to cherish delight

A passion so new in its rise ;

Let Time give a surety to vows,

'Twill a proof of their merit appear ;

If time the same dictate allows,

I may think thee a Lover sincere.

VII.

C O R Y D O N.

Ah ! long have I seen and admired  
 That beauty, and hung on that voice !  
 How oft too with envy inspired,  
 If with others you seem'd to rejoice !  
 My walks in the Grove I have drest,  
 With ev'ry gay flow'ret to meet,  
 And studied each ornament best,  
 For Clora a Bow'r to compleat.

VIII.

C L O R A.

Kind Shepherd, thy pastures are bright,  
 Thy flocks are dispers'd in the vale,  
 Thy herds are so pleasing to sight,  
 But nought can at present avail ;  
 I've heard of thy beautiful Bow'r,  
 The blossom of woodbine is there ;  
 Perhaps in a sorer hour,  
 'Tis reserv'd for another gay fair.

C O R Y D O N.

IX.

C O R Y D O N.

My Clora, now ere I shall say,  
 Thou art cruellest Nymph of the plain,  
 O tell, as from thee I shall stray,  
 What joy to my Life shall remain ?  
 Give comfort to think on apart,  
 Whene'er I shall wander alone ;  
 Give hope to the wish of my heart,  
 That I may not be wholly undone.

X.

C L O R A.

Thee, Corydon, well I approve,  
 No other gay Swain is preferr'd ;  
 Perhaps thou art steady in love,  
 Of thy passion already I've heard ;  
 If you will not be first to relent,  
 When you view the gay maids of the green,  
 I give thee full hope of consent,  
 For no gratefuller Shepherd I've seen.



S O N G.

---

I.

I'VE found my Love for Dælia true,  
 So sweet a pain I never knew,  
 I love as true as first I loved,  
 When time had not my passion proved.

II.

Now she hears me not disclose,  
 Perhaps she pities not my woes ;  
 While in anxious hope and fear,  
 I sigh, and shed a silent tear.

III.

I'll go, and seek her on the plain,  
 And ask her to resolve my pain ;  
 Unkind and faithless should she prove,  
 I'll try to bid adieu to Love.

ANTICIPATION

# ANTICIPATION.

T O

C L O R A.

---

I.

THY promise I gratefully own,  
 So sweetly to speak it was thine,  
 If ever I faithless am known,  
 Calamitous fortune be mine !

II.

If ever I cause thee to weep,  
 Our wedlock to blame as unblest,  
 May my vallies, my herds, and my sheep  
 Be with famine and ruin oppress !

III.

The seasons a joy shall inspire,  
 Perpetual, various, and gay ;  
 All pleasures for thee shall conspire,  
 That life may pass sweetly away.

IV.

For thee I'll the roses entwine,  
 That they scatter their odours around,  
 I'll trim all my hedges so fine,  
 And train the sweet shrubs from the ground ;

Has

V.

Has Clora e'er view'd on the green,  
 The shade of the wide spreading tree,  
 That alone in the valley is seen?  
 It often gave shelter to me!

VI.

This let me adorn for thy sake,  
 Where often supine at thine ease,  
 Repose in the Summer to take,  
 Soft lull'd with the hum of the bees.

VII.

To grotto's I'll lead thee away,  
 And Coolness it's pleasure shall yield,  
 Whene'er the bright beams of the day  
 Permit not to walk in the field.

VIII.

My fountains uprise in the hill,  
 No spot could you pleasanter know;  
 Lo! yonder they bubble and fill,  
 Where a thorn shades the Chrystal below.

Thence

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IX.

Thence borne in a rivulet fair,  
     How clear the bright Element roves  
 By the lawn and the clumps that are there,  
     Till it pierces and waters the groves!

X.

There oft in the dell we'll reside,  
     As the brook murmurs soft to our voice,  
 Words smooth as the fountain shall glide,  
     Or loud as the murmur, rejoice.

XI.

The Eve ere the Sun shall decline,  
     While shadows extend on the plain,  
 And the birds yet in harmony join,  
     Will invite thee to fray with thy Swain ;

XII.

How beauteous and Glassy the Lake !  
     And the fishes are sporting around !  
 That scene you'll ne'er wish to forsake,  
     Where daisies spread over the ground.

There

XIII.

There far on the waters that glide  
 The willows are penfive inclined;  
 The Swan too is borne in his pride,  
 In colour as pure as thy mind.

XIV.

O think on the sweets of the fields !  
 How the Landscape is heighten'd by lov !  
 What pleasure and beauty it yields !  
 How happy each valley and grove !

XV.

Together we'll mount the green hill,  
 And the prospect around us admire ;  
 The country so placid and still  
 Content shall for ever inspire.

XVI.

Tranquility blest will attend  
 Each day and each season so fair,  
 E'en Winter so rude, will befriend,  
 And for Lovers a comfort prepare.

Retir'd



## XVII.

Retir'd in the valley we'll live,  
 Nor wishing of others the lot ;  
 Their lives a mix'd happiness give,  
 Such pleasures we envy them not.

---

S O N G.

---

## I.

WHAT is't of late o'errules my mind,  
 And makes me thus to grief inclined ?  
 Unsocial, careless, makes me rove ?  
 I know it now, this must be Love.

## II.

A glimpse of Clora's form so fair,  
 Gives me delights that boundless are ;  
 When she is gone, I sorrows prove ;  
 I know it now, this must be Love.

## III.

Parted from her I pensive sigh,  
 In vain Society I try,  
 In vain frequent the lonely grove ;  
 I know it now, this must be Love.

I flutter,

IV.

I flutter, when she speaks so sweet,  
And tremble, if perchance we meet,  
Tho' she is gentle as the Dove;—  
I know it now, this must be Love.

V.

On beauty's self I constant gaze,  
My Eye from her but seldom strays;  
To please her fault'ring I have strove;  
I know it now, this must be Love.

---

## GLADNESS.

---

I.

COMPANIONS, rejoice to my strain!  
Festivity, Gladness, abound!  
My Shepherds and friends of the plain,  
The Nymph has my happiness crown'd!  
For late as I saw her at Eve,  
O Corydon, kindly she said,  
Thy vows, I would have thee believe,  
Have won on thy favourite maid.

She

II.

She added, (O sweet was her smile !

How blest was the sound of her voice !)

‘ Averse, I ne’er meant to beguile,

‘ Now kind, I would have thee rejoice ;

‘ For truly I’m willing to hear

‘ Thy vows, and the pleasure is mine,

‘ At length I accept thee sincere,

‘ And for ever consent to be thine.’

III.

Now, such is the wish of my breast,

To mirth let the vallies awake !

Let the plain and the covert be drest

Of Gaiety full to partake !

Wing’d Choristers, fly to my fair !

New joy by your melody prove !

When hither she’d wish to repair,

Attend her with carols of Love !

Ye

IV.

Ye Swains, ye had pity, 'tis true,  
 When Clora consign'd me to grief;  
 Nor will ye have envy, when due  
 To my sorrows she gives me relief;  
 Prepare the gay dance on the green!  
 Let the maidens be pair'd with the Swains!  
 Ev'ry innocent frolic be seen!  
 Let the Pipe give it's rapider strains!

---

S O N G.

---

I.

THRO' my heart  
 Pleasures steal,  
 Love, thy gladness  
 Copious deal.

II.

Give me bliss  
 Happiest known,  
 With my true-love  
 Kinder grown.

SOLITUDE.

# SOLITUDE.

---

I.

FAIR Phœbus, returning so gay,  
 Each morning my vale to adorn,  
 O hide thy unpromising day !  
 Nor shew me thy sorrowful morn !  
 Nor thus was thy rising ere now,  
 Or gloomy or sad to my view,  
 But the meadow, the shrub, and the bough,  
 At thy coming all brighten'd anew.

II.

Ye birds, that from every spray  
 Salute my sad steps as I go,  
 Begone from my valley away !  
 Your music increases my woe ;  
 That brings to my sorrowful breast,  
 The joys that seem'd never to fail,  
 When late with my partner so blest,  
 I stray'd thro' the deep of the vale.

Now



III.

Now left to dull Solitude, slow,  
 And loit'ring in prime of the day,  
 Unlabour'd, but weary I go,  
 Regardless e'en whither I stray ;  
 I wander on meadows so green,  
 Methought would give joy to the mind,  
 But happy tho' once they have been,  
 Ah ! none of those pleasures I find.

IV.

The dew-drops reflecting around  
 Bright sparkle in Phœbus's ray,  
 But to me, while my sorrows abound,  
 Their lustre is faded away ;  
 Tho' gayly the murmuring rill  
 In the shade of the wide spreading tree  
 Descends at the foot of the hill,  
 'Tis inviting no longer to me.

Where

V.

Where then shall I pass the long hour ?

Shall I hence to the woodland repair ?

Or visit the shrub, and the flow'r,

That I rear'd with such fondness and care ?

What verdure adorns the green bough !

How fragrant the blossoms renew !

But my fancy is comfortless now,

And mourns at the sorrowful view.

VI.

Mature are the fruits of the year,

And clustering swell to the sight ;

The blossoms of Jasmine are here,

The Sunflower gaudy and bright ;

With colours is varied the shade,

The Woodbine entwines in a wreath,

In Summer's rich vesture array'd

How beauteous the Roses beneath !

F

But

## VII.

But alas ! what is lovely to me  
 As lonely and forrow'd I stray ?  
 Can I taste of the fruit of the tree ?  
 Or joy in the sweets of the way ?  
 Tho' once so attentive I strove  
 To adapt the gay roses that blow,  
 And pruned the wild shrub in the grove,  
 Such a task would redouble my woe.

## VIII.

All's dull to my wandering eye,  
 The grove and the shade of the vale ;  
 The prospect or distant, or nigh,  
 The hill and the wide spreading dale ;  
 Nor longer then let me explore,  
 The culture of valley or plains ;  
 And since they but grieve me the more,  
 What comfort or refuge remains ?

Alas !

## IX.

Alas ! in relief to my woe,

O Sleep, wrap my senses profound !

That my sorrows no longer may know,

The daily and sickening round ;

And thus let me pass the dull morn !

For ever, Oblivion, avail !

Till joys my new day shall adorn,

When my true-Love returns to the Vale.

## E C L O G U E.

## SYLVIUS and THYRSIS.

BY a fountain's grassy side,

Whence a swift and wand'ring tide

Flow'd with murmurs down the vale,

Softly blew the breezy gale,

As Sylvius sat, and tuned his lay,

Where oft he pass'd the Summer's day.

Thyrsis came, and wish'd to prove,

How sweet his song, how true his love.

While Nature seem'd to listen round,  
 Each tried his skill in vocal found,  
 The Shepherds judging of their song,  
 To whom the laurel should belong.  
 Sweet the rocks and grottoes rung,  
 And Sylvius first harmonious fung.

## SYLVIVS.

When once with the beautiful Maid,  
 I sat in the shade of the Grove,  
 Tho' I thought of the Grove and the shade,  
 Could I think to have quitted my Love;  
 'Twas what I could scarcely foresee,  
 For Phœbe so sweetly would smile,  
 Reflection it could not be free,  
 When my heart was employ'd in the while.

THYRSIS.



THYRSIS.

How blooming our thickets in May,

With Roses and Violets fair!

When there Phyllis happen'd to stray,

What bloom was with her to compare?

Tho' once I was fond of the Bow'r,

Where the woodbine entwines in the shade,

Now with Phyllis I pass the gay hour,

By the stream that refreshes the glade.

SYLVIVS.

The Nightingale seem'd to outvie

The notes of the Linnet and Thrush;

Should Phœbe not chance to be by,

There is discord in every bush;

But when she returns to our vale,

And makes all the Shepherds rejoice,

The notes of the Linnet prevail,

And the Nightingale's musical voice.

## T H Y R S I S.

The Lambs, who their shepherd amuse  
 With Music so artless and mild,  
 Their sweetness and melody lose,  
 When Phyllis no longer has smiled ;  
 But soon as she walks on the green,  
 And her constancy shews with a sigh,  
 How pleasing again is the scene !  
 How I envy the minutes that fly !

## S Y L V I U S.

How checquer'd the hill and the dale,  
 At the side of yon sheltering wood,  
 Where winds by the steep of the Vale,  
 A River's mæandering flood !  
 But tell 'me who comes on the plain ?  
 'Tis my Phœbe the day to outshine !  
 I now am so happy a Swain,  
 That the laurel I freely resign.

TO THE MEMORY OF  
The PASTORAL POETS,  
SHENSTONE and CUNNINGHAM.

---

I.

ALAS! we have reason to mourn,  
For the Shepherds who once were so gay,  
Who piped to their flocks in the morn,  
Are gone from the vallies away!  
When first we had Corydon lost,  
Tho' we griev'd for the Pastoral strain,  
In Damon we surely could boast,  
Of as true and as faithful a Swain.

II.

How sweet did their numbers prevail,  
As they pictured the Landscape around!  
How they named in their beautiful tale  
Each flow'r that enamel'd the ground!  
When of youth they had pass'd the long day,  
And had echo'd the sighs of their grief,  
Each seem'd as unwilling to stay,  
Where they had not a hope for relief.

Who

III.

Who will now in the verdure of Spring  
 The joy of gay Nature unfold ?  
 Alas ! who of Phyllis will sing,  
 In the meadows that glitter with gold ?  
 Not the voice of his Phyllis so gay,  
 Her Swain were she now to approve,  
 Nor Cælia befriending the lay,  
 Could waken the Shepherds to love.

IV.

The Swain who with melody sung  
 The Northern woodlands among,  
 While the hills and the vallies have rung,  
 (And he envied not Corydon's song)  
 Will give his sad \* tribute no more,  
 In the meadows no more will appear,  
 Nor when Summer her sweets shall restore,  
 Again will enliven the year.

All

---

\* Cunningham's Elegy on Shenstone.

All ye, who have listen'd around  
 While Corydon told of his love,  
 Or ye that our Damon have found,  
 A Corydon still in the grove,  
 Bewail the sad loss of the swains,  
 And the loss of our Pastoral verse,  
 For ne'er will be found on the plains,  
 Who their passion like them can rehearse.

---

## N I G H T.

**A** Gloom the Landscape now furrounds,  
 And Fancy wings her airy rounds,  
 To rock and mountain far and near,  
 O'er wild, and heath, and desert drear.  
 She wanders where no more the eye  
 Brings the lengthen'd prospect nigh,  
 Up the heights she loves to climb,  
 Where gape the marks of furrow'd time.  
 An awful midnight silence reigns,  
 But where in soft and piercing strains

The



The Nightingale with love-lorn song  
 Echoes wild the woods among.  
 Again I hear by yonder Vale  
 Along the shelt'ring rocks and dale,  
 The Owl with mournful strains alone,  
 Laments in solitary moan,  
 While bleating loud the flocks are heard,  
 Frighten'd at the midnight bird.  
 The moon refulgent in the sky  
 Rides with silver beam on high,  
 And gives a glimpse of yonder shade,  
 By the woodland-thicket made ;  
 And where the tops of forest trees  
 Waving in the gentle breeze,  
 Are heard upon the distant green,  
 And stillly greet the solemn scene.  
 With calm repose in peaceful breast  
 While the Peasant takes his rest,  
 And ev'ry Shepherd of the Dale,  
 From the pastures of the Vale

Who

Who drove his flock at ev'ning hour,  
 When the darknefs 'gan to lour,  
 And while the Plowman tired with toil,  
 Freed from labours of the foil,  
 Sleeps the filent hours away,  
 Prepared to greet the early day,  
 How pleasing now to listen round !  
 To catch the foft and lulling found,  
 That from the village hamlet borne,  
 And from the plains awhile forlorn,  
 And from the river's diftant flood,  
 Murmurs thro' the founding wood.

O joys of Contemplation, hail !  
 Thy pleasures ever will prevail,  
 To them that rove with breaft ferene  
 In wond'rous Nature's varied fcene.

INQUIRY.

# I N Q U I R Y.

---

## I.

**I** ASK not my fair to resolve,  
 The success of my passion sincere,  
 The request ev'ry hope may dissolve,  
 And thy crueler judgment I fear ;  
 But say, as uneasy my care  
 To thee is devoted and true,  
 Does my Nymph a gay happiness share ?  
 Those Vales, are they pleasing to you ?

## II.

Why left you our regions so mild ?—  
 I have suffer'd both sorrow and pain ;  
 The Landscape of bloom is despoil'd,  
 And the birds have forsaken the plain.  
 Perhaps you at distance possess  
 Each pleasure the Summer can shew ;  
 O were but our Village to bless,  
 And make thee such pleasures forego !

How

III.

How oft is my charmer induced

In the meadows, or forest to stray ?

Are the groves and the shrubberies used

To see thee at noon of the day ?

Alas ! I have griev'd, and I trace

The walk where thy presence I've known ;

Then eager I look on the place,

But the beautiful Image is gone.

IV.

Oh could I but thither repair,

Where chance thy gay self might appear !

Could I fudden thro' regions of air

Be borne to those valleys so dear !

Would the sight of thy Lover so true

Nor offend, nor thy wishes displease ?

As in doubt I should come to your view,

How a smile would my misery ease !

My

## V.

My fair, the inquiry approve  
 That my heart makes in fondness to thee ;  
 Did the Swains in pretence of their love,  
 Make vows so presuming and free ?  
 Is e'er a gay Shepherd, possess'd  
 Of flocks, and his goats, and his kine,  
 Sad fate ! with thy hand to be blest'd,  
 Because he is wealthy and fine ?

## VI.

Sure thou art a treasure in mind,  
 How matchless thy form to admire !  
 Thy love, and thy graces combined  
 A worth above value inspire !  
 Thy heart's a Gem richer than all !  
 Thy beauty's as pure as the light !  
 What Swain is there worthy to call  
 His own such a Jewel,—so bright !—



# The T A L E.

To C L O R A.

---

I.

How many Swains pretend to love,  
 And with my fair one to incline!  
 Nor pipe, nor song, their vows approve,  
 Nor will a Muse with fraud combine.

II.

Believe them not ; their heart ne'er glows  
 With love, but changes ev'ry hour ;  
 The breast, that deep-felt passion knows,  
 Has many a mournful strain to pour.

III.

Once in the forest a gay Dove,  
 Spotless, charming, bright to view,  
 Had many suitors vowing love,  
 (The Dove I would compare to you ;)      They

IV.

They came, and importuned, and sigh'd,  
 But flutt'ring, fickle, false and vain ;  
 Their conduct still their tongue belied,  
 Nor bidden could they pour a strain ;

V.

One Bird alone at distance said,  
 He loved, and soft he tuned his lay ;  
 The groves he oft to echo made  
 With vows that murmur'd far away.

VI.

The Dove by him was charm'd and said,  
 The voice that sings so kind, is true ;  
 Love's heartfelt Music must be paid  
 With passion to it's feelings due !.

She

## VII.

She chose, and bless'd the tuneful bird ;  
 For his sad plaints were real known ;  
 His notes or high or low were heard,  
 As measured wild by Love alone ;

## VIII.

Thus may thy Swain, who sings retired,  
 By passion moved, in humble lore,  
 By thee be chos'n, at length inspired  
 With Joy, his strains of sorrow o'er.

---

# RECOLLECTION

A N D

# ANXIETY.

---

## I.

WHERE now does my Shepherdess stray ?

Alas ! you have quitted the Dale,  
 That awhile you frequented so gay !

Oh hither return to our Vale !

G

My

.II.

My song may recall to thy view,  
 In thy presence how much we enjoy'd !  
 Each day we were happy anew,  
 And Festivity never was cloy'd.

.III.

How bright and adorn'd was the year !  
 The May was with gaudiness crown'd,  
 Sweet Chaplets and Garlands were here,  
 With roses and violets bound.

.IV.

The Songsters saluted thy way,  
 For Thou art of Nature the pride !  
 And inviting thee still to delay,  
 The Shepherds with melody vied.

.V.

Each pipe thro' the valley was heard ;  
 The woods echoed shrill to the sound ;  
 O had but my fair one preferr'd  
 The Scenes where our pleasures abound !

I've heard, and O may it be true,

That Corin so wealthy and gay,

His new Love rejected by you,

In sorrow departed away ;

## VII.

Ah ! surely He feels not the pain,

Nor the woes of a Lover sincere ;

He may sudden pretend to complain,

But his Eyes cannot flow with a tear.

## VIII.

It is not for him to explore,

The Depths of the forest, and grieve ;

He never will think of thee more,

And his Vows they are false to believe ;



100  
S O N G.

---

I.

THE works of the field  
Once gave me delight,  
The prospect was gay,  
The meadows were bright ;  
I walk'd in the morn,  
So blest on the green,  
But my Charmer is gone,  
And how dull is the scene !

II.

So happy each hour !  
What more had I sought ?  
For blifs to my heart,  
Each minute had brought ;  
I tended my flocks,  
Who gayer was seen ?  
But my Charmer is gone,  
And how dull is the Scene !

## III.

In the village so nigh

While my fair one remain'd,

I have look'd on the place,

That my Clora contain'd ;

What charms had the spot,

Where'er she had been ;

But my Charmer is gone

And how dull is the scene !

## S O N G.

## I.

AS some lone bird the livelong day

Pours in the shade a dismal lay,

Weeping his young by Rustics seiz'd ;

Struck with unutterable pain

He pauses silent, then again

His heart's by echoing murmurs eas'd ;

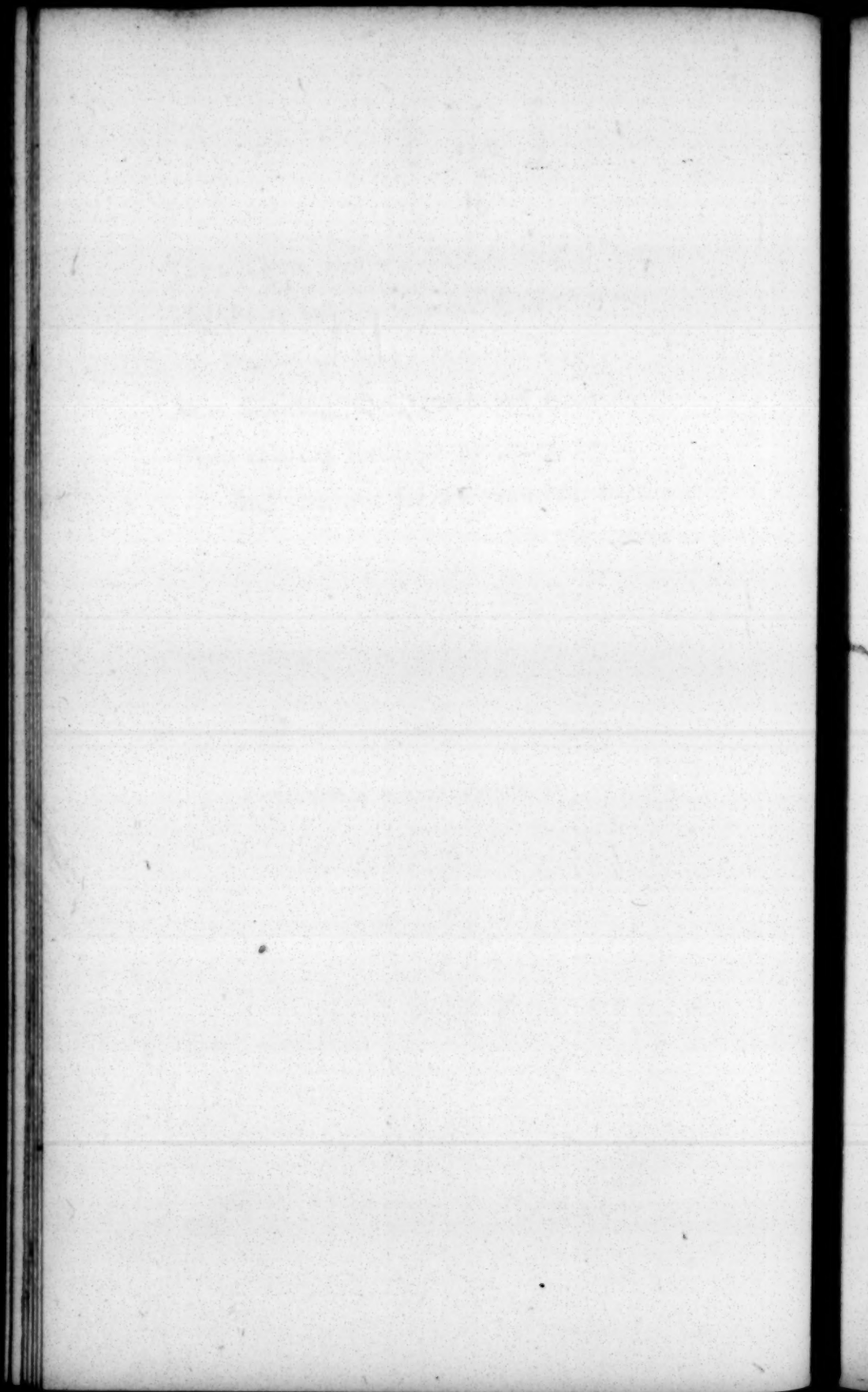
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Thus,

## II.

Thus, Clora, weeps a hapless Swain,  
Thy heart lost, by another ta'en,  
Pensive in shades alone he flays ;  
Now faltering, slow, breaks off his muse,  
Then echoing forth his plaint renews,  
And murmur far his mournful lays.







# The VALLEY;

OR, SYLVIVS AND PASTORA.

---

**U**NDER a hill not steep but stretch'd out wide,  
 Whose simple fields, whose green and checquer'd side  
 Mark out the limits of the neat domain,  
 Where peace and rosy health will ever reign,  
 A happy mansion stands, that lifts it's head  
 Scarce from the lowliest trees, that round o'erspread  
 The tufted scene ; thither retired, at rest  
 From busy cares of Life, and wholly blest,  
 Sylvius and his Pastora faithful join'd,  
 In whom are Grace and Innocence combined,  
 Together bear the weight of worldly hour,  
 Crown'd with such joys, as ne'er to wish for more.  
 Their affluence such, so blest they've thought their state,  
 As not to cause a wish to court the great.

His

His are the feelings, his the virtuous plan,

In conscious ~~character to mark the man,~~

His inward boasting is to feel the art,

Nor swerve from virtue in the smallest part.

She to the eye of judgment stands admired,

Her breast with ev'ry tend'rest passion fired,

The wife, the mother, join'd with ev'ry grace,

And sweet complacence smiling in her face.

Such are the minds of those, who now are seen

Companions of the blissful rural scene ;

Together join'd they winter's hours endure,

And when the seasons to the fields allure,

When Winter's stormy blasts no longer chill,

They hand in hand together climb the hill,

Together

Together joys, together griefs they share,

Tho' little subject to the hand of care.

O happy mansion ! O delightful scene !

How oft thy blest inhabitants I've seen,

Plying their busy care and wholesome toil,

Amidst the fragrance of thy flow'ry soil !

There where the garden shines in bright array,

They chearful oft have pass'd the Summer's day.

And where the hawthorn forms a pleasing shade,

From Phoebus' sultry beams a refuge made,

Form'd for content, or love, or prattling talk,

At th' end of yonder gravelly shining walk.

Permit me there to roam on fancied wing,

And catch the sound which murm'ring Zephyrs bring,

The

The busy hummings that to th' ear prevail  
 From hurrying rills that glide along the vale,  
 Washing with limpid course the fragrant side  
 Of blooming banks that shine in flow'ry pride,  
 Still let me hear the notes of simple song  
 That thrill melodious from the aery throng,  
 The bleatings of the fleecy harmless crowd,  
 The watchdog of his furly service proud,  
 The lowings distant of the pensive drove,  
 The blackbird whistling in th' adjacent grove.

These are thy nat'ral pleasures, happiest seat,  
 Happy to those whose minds are truly great,  
 Who learn how to despise the worldly bent  
 Of gaining more, which never brings content,

Where

Where Int'rest like a powerful Monarch rules,  
 Where Av'rice leads the wretched pining fools,  
 And like an eddying whirlpool quite devours,  
 What by man's purer Nature should be ours.

Not so the wishes of the pair that find,  
 Tranquillity in ev'ry whisp'ring wind ;  
 Form'd for each other, and for ever blest'd,  
 Partners of joy, or grief, alike confest'd,  
 There in disposing well their cultur'd hill,  
 From lab'ring toil they find a pleasure still,  
 They ply the diff'ring business of the day,  
 And hours, tho' long, to them steal swift away.

Where the turf mov'd by harden'd ploughshare thro'  
 Is boldly chang'd from green to dusky hue,

Where



Where wisely temper'd for another day,  
 The sod is foster'd mould'ring into clay,  
 His the delight, and his the office here  
 To mark the seasons of the coming year ;  
 To court with fertile grain the teeming ground,  
 And scatter future plenty all around.  
 The harrow then it's wonted duty pays,  
 The tempting grain in safer furrow lays.  
 But sudden 'midst th' employment of the field,  
 From western sky a shady dusk reveal'd  
 Darkens apace, and marks th' approach of night,  
 Straitway conducted home by shaded light,  
 Safe He returns to where thro' blacken'd meads  
 The shining light his hast'ning footsteps leads ;

The housewife list'ning anxious to the sound  
Of steps loud-treading on the silent ground.

She for his coming all her art prepares

And chearful smiles to soothe his wearied cares,

His daily duty done, stirs up the heat

Of warmest hearth his wish'd return to greet.

While on the crackling flame the vessel sings

Steaming and full, inviting taste, that brings

Comfort and warmth to willing labour done,

Labour, to health and rural pleasure known.

Sometime at morn, when far it's widening rays

The early Sun with ruddy face displays,

He roams, where twining pathway marks the trace

Of many a step to some accusom'd place,

Along

Along the valley further, where the scene  
 In narrower compass shews its brighten'd green ;  
 Contracted to a steeper width the vale,  
 And streams more rapid rush along the dale.  
 Here at the verge of the romantic glyn,  
 Where th' humble tenant peacefully within  
 His neat thatch'd cottage dwells, the Lord of th' hill  
 Advancing, joy and thankful pleasure fill  
 The minds of all ; the children and the fire  
 Greet their lov'd master to their scanty fire.  
 But He still onward led by pleasure's call,  
 Or careful early wish to visit all  
 His small dominion, smiling meadows green,  
 With flocks new whitening on the grassy scene,

As silent walking, catches oft the sound,  
 Borne from the rural Landscape stretch'd around;  
 The lowings of the milky herd that seem  
 To drown the murmurs of the bubbling stream,  
 While slowly plodding o'er the meadow'd land  
 They ask the duty of the milkmaid's hand;  
 The busy prattling in the neighb'ring farm,  
 The cackling loud of geese, that give th' alarm  
 Fearful of man's approach, the whistling shrill  
 Of plowmen toiling on the furrow'd hill,  
 Their path renewing oft from side to side,  
 Mocking the lengthen'd way in mirthful pride.

These are the sounds, that glad the tranquil soul,  
 These fell disease's nat'ral pow'r controul;

Whatever pleasures brace the strengthen'd heart,  
The frame establish'd, shares an equal part.

Not such th' allurements of the city's din,  
Where rolls the sound of empty joy within,  
Where midnight dancings, wine, and anxious play,  
Usurp the hours of sleep, the hours of day ;  
Dark, pestilential, heavy fogs arise,  
And change the colour of their native skies,  
Around unnumber'd walk a sickly choir,  
Whose nerves unbraced deny their wonted fire ;  
To them unknown the prime of chearful day,  
The dewy fragrance of the early ray,  
They labour, healthful joys to them unknown,  
For riches, felt, not many a day their own.



Happy I turn from these, and bend mine eyes  
 Once more to rural scenes and clearer skies,  
 To smiling vales, chief subject of my song,  
 To which my busy verse does still belong,  
 Where thro' the branching elms that skirt the green  
 The new walls whiten in the tufted scene.  
 And O you watchful genius of the place,  
 That dwell, where Nature's deck'd with sweetest grace,  
 My voice inspire to sing in softest strain,  
 Still to describe the much-lov'd flow'ry plain,  
 And tell that ev'ry grace that here is shewn,  
 Is sweeter still, to th' happy dwellers known.

Sideways along the right, where wildings grow  
 In bended hedge, and join the stream below,

Inclosing grassy space, the Orchard spread  
 In fragrant blossom rears its blooming head ;  
 Its entrance thro' the simply colour'd gate,  
 That knows but neatness, not the shew of state.  
 Here nat'ral gifts of fruitfulness abound,  
 Here thicken'd clover swells the moisten'd ground.  
 Which soon as ripen'd by the season gay,  
 And influence mild of Summer's genial ray,  
 The Mower onward cuts his creeping pafs,  
 And sweeps his scythe across the matted grass,  
 While many a serving hand with busy care,  
 Shakes out the blade into the scattering air ;  
 Nor long the swarth retains it's native green,  
 But yellow changing scents the fragrant scene.

Now noon-tide beams a downward heat disclose ;  
 And the brown heap is chang'd in dusky rows,  
 Lightening apace, when watchful of each hour,  
 The rustic band the face of heav'n explore.  
 There if the cloud flow rising from the top  
 Of western hill, or if the sudden drop,  
 Pour'd from the heated air, should threaten soon  
 Unwelcome show'r, and change of sprightly noon,  
 With quick dispatch in rising heaps they make  
 The rustling hay, and ply the useful rake ;  
 How grateful there at ev'ning mild to stray ;  
 Midst haycocks brown to mark your wand'ring way ;  
 The work secure and finish'd, till the Sun  
 Genial again his circling course shall run ;

By various change at length being safest made,  
 Forth from the meadow brought the ruffet blade,  
 Is heap'd in one well trodden fragrant pile,  
 Near where the barns in yellow plenty smile.

Within the furze, that length'ning keeps the form  
 Of hedge well shelter'd from the thicken'd storm,  
 Tow'rd's Summer's closing harvest there I've seen,  
 The corn quick turning from its useless green;—  
 At ev'ry breeze of the tumultuous wind  
 Like troubled sea, wave upon wave behind,  
 It rolls with bending pow'r of quicken'd gale,  
 Nor can the ear against it's rage prevail.

Soon as the field it's deeper colour shews  
 And grain, and chaff, now brittle, both disclose

Their rip'ning full, with bended sickle cut  
 The yellow stubble roughens to the foot ;  
 The plenteous crop in many a sheaf is bound,  
 And heap'd on high above the glist'ning ground ;  
 Season'd awhile to the allotted space  
 Borne from the field it takes it's heighten'd place,  
 From whence well cured by penetrating air,  
 Tis thrown convenient to the thrasher's care.

To Industry these nat'ral fruits are giv'n,  
 Rewards from high and well disposing heav'n ;  
 The country fraught with many industrious hands,  
 Should flourish prosp'rous 'bove all other lands.  
 Not this the present state of things, but poor  
 Live the calm tenants of our humble shore \* ;

Where



Where some far, distant master's wealth to pay,  
 They scrape the labours of the toiling day,  
 And leave the pining family in want,  
 Of ev'ry comfort, ev'ry pittance scant.  
 If these resources fail, the small remains  
 Are ravish'd, all the hopes of future gains ;  
 Unsettled, driven from their quiet home,  
 To distant realms of war, the wand'ers roam.

There a scene opens, shudd'ring to their view,  
 Remote from skies serene of sprightly blue ;  
 The cannon thund'ring thro' the troubled plain,  
 The din of war re-echoing from the main ;  
 The proud array of battle shining far,  
 The groans around of many a mortal scar.

Dismay'd

Dismay'd they look behind with wishful eye,  
 Tow'rd the known land, wrapt up in seas and sky,  
 Recall to mind the seats from whence they stray'd  
 Victims of war, and bloody contest made.

May thoughts like these be banish'd from the mind;  
 May Nations bent on peace their welfare find.  
 No more may scenes of horrid war prevail,  
 Nor e'er be told the Battle's dismal tale.  
 Then shall each region far from danger's woes,  
 Rich by degrees, a smiling face disclose;  
 Then Commerce with her sprightly shining sail,  
 Shall sport in ev'ry breeze, in ev'ry gale.  
 Recall'd from distant kingdoms, where they roam,  
 The social bands shall reach their rural home;

The

The Soldier shall become the happy Swain,  
 Plying the tillage of the willing plain;  
 No more induced by warlike fierce desire,  
 His children gather'd round his humble fire,  
 He'll tell of many a deed recounting o'er,  
 How oft in battle vent'ring more and more,  
 How oft the thought disturb'd his anxious breast,  
 Of ne'er returning to his cottage blest.

That thought embitters ev'ry worldly hour,  
 The bane of bliss that fate may have in store;  
 Forth wand'ring Man, by nature taught, requires  
 His grateful home, to crown his last desires,  
 Pants for the place, by heav'nly wisdom taught,  
 From whence, by chance, or force he first was brought.

This,

This, Goldsmith, was thy wish in sorrowing hour,  
 Thy native village seats again t' explore,  
 You still had hopes, your long vexations past,  
 There to return, and die at home at last.  
 But fate forbid, and cross'd thy patient plan,  
 Tho' ever good, to be the happy Man;  
 Farewell! tho' endless will thy worth survive;  
 Thy praise be known, while Taste and Nature live.

I at thy name my lengthen'd verse withdraw,  
 E'en from the rural spot that blest'd I saw;  
 From the green vale, that claim'd my warmest praise,  
 Where the mild tenants pass their blissful days;  
 There ev'ry mingling sound of whisp'ring wind,  
 And village notes, shall oft of thee remind;

But

But to describe a lovely rural plain,

What song shall equal thy Poetic strain ?

---

## P R O L O G U E

TO A TRAGEDY PERFORMED IN PRIVATE BY  
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, 1783.

---

IN times not far removed from this dull age,  
Bright was the splendour of the Tragic Stage;  
Actors to judgment, sense, and feelings true,  
Were crown'd with praises to their merits due ;  
Lo ! fix'd attention hush'd the Audience round,  
When Garrick, Barry, walk'd the Tragic ground !  
With woes imparted from the feeling heart  
Each pleas'd Spectator shared the Actor's part ;  
What shudd'ring fears attentive each disclosed,  
When Garrick's horrors own'd the rising Ghost !

In



In Barry's deep distress grief rising high,  
A stealing tear betray'd each glitt'ning eye.

While such theatric glory crown'd the age,  
What infant pow'r could dare to tread the stage?  
Youthful ambition check'd in mid career,  
Rival for praise scarce ventur'd to appear!

Her former trophies and her Glory gone,  
The Tragic Muse now totters on her throne;  
While few are left her triumphs to maintain,  
She falls inglorious from her pow'rful reign.  
Will none step forth? their efforts bold disclose,  
Tho' feeble, to support her sinking cause?  
Yes! there are found, who without hireling pay  
Join in her cause, and own her sov'reign sway!

Their

Their troops come forth to ease her falling fears,  
 And in her cause they turn out Volunteers\*.  
 Tho' newly raised their numbers, and but few,  
 Yet still they dare to face this grand review ;  
 Here female hearts big with the mighty cause,  
 Have join'd the ranks for glory and applause.

To-night a new and rash attempt is made,  
 Each but a novice in the acting trade ;  
 Like tender birds first wing'd we try with fright,  
 Far from the nest to take our doubtful flight.  
 Warm'd with the sunshine of your smiles, at length  
 Our feeble pow'rs shall gain redoubled strength ;  
 On your applause uplifted, swift we rise  
 On tow'ring wing supported to the skies ;

While

---

\* Written at the time the Volunteers were embodied in Ireland.

While thus with arduous toil our way we try,

Let not your frowns o'erwhelm us from on high ;

One boon we ask to aid our wish'd for plan,

Seek not our great and num'rous faults to scan ;

Where infant merit shines, sound judgment's laws

Fix'd in your breasts will give the just applause.

—I see your nod approving, and awhile

Retire with tidings of your gracious smile ;

While doubtful droop my comrades of the night,

Swift let me fly to calm their anxious fright.

# EPILOGUE

## EPILOGUE

TO THE SAME PLAY SPOKEN BY A LADY.

---

NOW that all's over, and our story told,  
 At length by habit I appear more bold ;  
 Such tranquil face, such silence strict you keep,  
 I fear, we've lull'd you to a pleasant sleep ;  
 Yon Critics male, are not dispos'd to riot !  
 I'm sure their wives are here, they sit so quiet !  
 At first we fear'd our play would ne'er go down,  
 Laugh'd at, despis'd at ev'ry rout in town ;  
 Grey-pated Ladies with their frowning Lords  
 Can see no sport, but what their whiff affords.  
 Their chat begins ' who ever thought, they say,  
 ' Such silly fools would try to act a play ?

' Great

‘ Great affectation ! sure they’re all a lump

‘ Of Vanity ;—pray, Madam, what’s the trump ?

The well-fed Alderman, with stuccoed wig,

And shining face, with eating stuff’d and big,

Over the bottle seated, cries, “ I boast,

“ I hate all plays and acting ; give a Toast.”

The learn’d Physician says with wisest frown,

“ This play’s a Bolus, that will ne’er go down ;

“ But still these plays are useful in their way,

“ Colds are most frequent from a crowded play.”

Complaints, I fear, are made of our weak pow’rs,

Unable to amuse for three long hours ;

That grave Divine\* tir’d out e’en while we play,

Plods out his Sermon for another day !

I

The

---

\* Pointing to a Clergyman.



The drowsy Politician's face would alter,  
 Could we but shew the siege of Gibraltar\*.

Ye who are learn'd in justice and the laws,  
 Plead strongly, and uphold our sinking cause ;  
 At public Favour's bar, your pleading we  
 Request, if e'er you'll plead without a fee ;  
 Our Character's defamed on ev'ry side,  
 By powder'd gentry in full frizzled pride ;  
 Of sense soon tired, and all their patience o'er,  
 They cry " this acting is a monstrous Bore."

From all my sex but bad success I fear,  
 For we can furnish no new novels here ;  
 No far-fetch'd tale of lovers, friends, and cousins,  
 Where at their mistrefs' feet Squires faint by dozens.

Sweet

---

\* Written at the time of that siege,

Sweet entertainment ! where without restraint,

The reader feels the sympathetic faint.

All jokes apart, let no unwise expression

Offend the learned of each grave profession ;

Our patient audience was indulgent, kind,

Our merits fought, to all our weakness blind ;

Success with praise has crown'd our anxious pains,

All doubts are flown, when such good-humour reigns.



# The SQUIRES HABITATION.

A S A T Y R.

---

BEFRIEND me, Genius, finging Rural Squires,  
 With kennell'd parlours, and turf loaded fires,  
 Who now the evening doze, o'erwhelm'd with liquor,  
 With comrades now roar, sing, or bawling bicker—  
 Such be the thought ; for fuch let Fancy roam,  
 Noife fuch abroad, who make fuch noife at home ;  
 Let me then tread (in mind alone I ween,  
 For fave us, Heav'n, from vifiting the Scene)  
 In Winter's day, or Autumn's fullen times,  
 The long dull Avenue of Elms or Limes ;—  
 There at the further end, full two miles long,  
 I ken the Mansion, fubject of the Song ;—

But not that Mansion solely sing the verses,  
 For thousands similar one Song rehearſes.  
 Well then—let's haſten—O 'tis tedious, tiring,  
 This reg'lar hedge-row for an hour admiring !  
 Boots, do your office—office foul, 'tis true !  
 Save me from dirt, my ſtrength ſhall ſtruggle through !  
 Here turf, and heapes of leaves, in happy union  
 With ſand, and mud, and water, hold communion ;  
 O ! that the man who fix'd theſe Crabtrees ſorry,  
 Had been as fond of ſpreading forth a quarry !  
 Would but poſſeſſors of ſuch dunghill roads  
 Send once a year a ſcore of gravel loads !  
 Then could we viſit, Country friends befriending,  
 Without or ſticks, or ſtilts aſſiſtance lending ;



Happy their jollity to see, t' admire,

Not wading, like their ducks, thro' heaps of mire.

Whispers the Muse, that oft she view'd serene

Around the Country house a curious Scene ;

What stately fir-trees ! were they not so brown,

Might claim arboreal Beauty's lofty Crown !

We'll fortify our ears, thus to oppose

With well-stuff'd auricle these cawing Crows ;

Who can endure, tho' fond of pipes and tabors,

The merry Music of these piping Neighbours ?

As undertakers in a crowd at funerals,

They look Death's harbingers, and meagre tune their calls ;

Descriptive Genius o'er the postern gate

That leads to barns and stables, hovering fat ;

Told

Told the enquiring Muse, that spy'd around,  
 What dirt, and filth, and odours there abound ;  
 Nay truth must tell, that mangy dog and pig  
 Under the scented dunghill prowling dig,  
 While puddled streams, denoting victim bled,  
 With redden'd colour flow from hog that's dead.  
 How swept the stones, tho' black—Manure's not lost !  
 Should Hodge not gather it, 'tis to his cost !  
 By fear impell'd, or duty else exacts it,  
 With hand, broom, pike or shovel close he packs it.  
     Delightful Penetralia of the Squire,  
 Next call attention to his parlour fire ;—  
 O Towzer, Sancho, Phyllis, pray be kind ;  
 And lay not dirty paws on coat behind !

In Summer hour your tricks my humour please ;  
 For cleanly then you give us nought, but fleas !  
 My sportive Brutes, another boon I crave,  
 At dinner long not for the plate I have ;  
 Fix not your keenest eye at such a bubble,  
 With ears upcock'd, as pointing in the stubble,  
 A trifle my poor dinner fure would be,  
 To twenty such starv'd Cormorants, as ye !

When once I enter'd a large Country hall,  
 Great Seat of Justice and of Christening ball,  
 Embellishments were seen in various station ;  
 And thus admiring Taste made full notation ;  
 But previous here she tells, there were not lamps,  
 Rich Chandeliers, nor all that Grandeur stamps,

No needles fluccoes, shapes from cieling falling,  
 Nor Sofa's there for liv'ried slaves to loll in,  
 But long of backs deprived tho' not too crazy,  
 Some chairs were scatter'd to indulge the lazy ;  
 Their use indeed alas ! to all forbidden,  
 With caps, hats, whips and great coats nearly hidden !  
 At far extreme by dirt-bespatter'd stairs,  
 Extended Antlers the white Mortar bears ;  
 Antlers of Elk, for many a Generation  
 That bore the cobwebs of a Spider nation ;  
 In crannies, corners, lurk the weaving Elves,  
 Where dufty shot-bags hang on mouldy shelves,  
 And where around on Pegs old pistols rusty,  
 With bayonets, powder-horns, and holsters musty,

Are pendent seen, tho' antiquated grown,  
Adding their Ornament to grand Saloon.

Antiquity, thy Lovers here would find  
Many a precious relic to their mind ;  
So pleased to know, and this by facts, not words,  
What sheaths our Fathers wore to rusty fwords ;—  
The view to Critics in the painting trade,  
Most grateful here and amply would be paid ;  
Erecting glass prospective, there to spy  
The faded colours on that canvass high,  
Daub'd many an age ago, stretch'd o'er the door,  
Where in his dust begrimed, of warlike lore,  
A Hero grimly flares, in full front big,  
Nearly envelop'd in his ringlet wig !—

Thus



Thus might be pleased the Connoisseurs of Art,  
Where the torn Landscape scarcely plays it's part,  
Shewing dim tow'rs, by time or broad-sword hack'd,  
Black fields and trees with frame and glazing crack'd.

But, Squire, I will not ridicule thine hall,  
Would I that such slight complaints were all in all !  
Why' need I vex my breast to see thy floor  
All caked with mire and dirt from door to door ?  
It ought not truly to perplex my brains,  
That windows want their complement of panes ;  
It hurts not sure my health, nor causes fainting,  
That the whole house for ages wanted painting ;  
That paper's torn, dishevell'd from the walls,  
In various places droops, or rotten falls ;

But

But I will own, that when at dinner placed,  
 And the good Sirloin has the table graced,  
 Chance reconnoit'ring, or with eye askance,  
 Whene'er along the walls I cast a glance,  
 The fullied colours mark'd in tawny stains,  
 As dashing Beer had flow'd, or desp'rate rains,  
 Tho' Rustic appetite such seldom spurns,  
 Offend my sense, and straight my stomach turns.

Oft have I seen a homely social crowd,  
 (On Christening days tho' stately grand, and proud)  
 At Eve, the goodly family arrang'd,  
 Neither by fashions nor by seasons chang'd.  
 Here children play, and cackle out their fun,  
 While great Aunt wonders at the feats they've done,

Goody

Goody rejoices, prattles — Cousins stoop,  
 O'er the Turf Embers in a merry group ;  
 See ! lively Youth, in thought and humour quick,  
 Takes the old fiddle down, our Cousin Dick !  
 And ever and anon, as harsh he thrums,  
 They jump and foot it, loud as twenty drums ;—  
 A pair, on noisy boards of Gammon throwing,  
 Thunder, their music on our ears bestowing,  
 And eager set on the important hit,  
 Are little anxious, if your ears are split ;  
 For Victory is all, and pleasure that is,  
 Tho' winning oft, or losing, all is Gratis.

Be ferious, Thought !—let Satyr here mark down  
 Contemptible, the Gamblers of the town !

They nightly meet to plunder others means,  
 While their pursuits of Honour madness weens,  
 And sure conducting to th' Abyfs of care,  
 Sinks them in av'rice, spleen and dark despair.  
 True innocence, and worth amusement draws,  
 Gaming for nothing at the play of straws,  
 A Pastime uses solely for diversion,  
 Aims not at others riches in reversion ;  
 Is pleased, elated, fears not trick or sham on  
 A Gratis play'r of Cards, Chess, or Backgammon.

Review the bus'ness of a City rout,  
 Where spite, and gold, and cards are dealt about ;  
 Where the good Lady of the house is pleased,  
 To see her Pigeons of their money eased ;

Tries

Tries ev'ry aim, (and let all conscience smother)  
 To make her party robbers of each other ;  
 Lo ! a poor victim scarcely broke from school  
 Is seiz'd by Dowagers to play the fool ;  
 Scarce has he trod three paces o'er their boards,  
 But old Whift gamblers long to feize his hoards ;  
 Small hoards indeed—but e'en such he must barter,  
 And stake the last left shilling of his quarter.  
 Genius of Honour, Honesty and Truth,  
 Review those rooms, insidious dens of youth !  
 Where Misses scarce in teens intent abide,  
 Stuck fast and prim close by the mother's side,  
 And learn th' important game with quick impression,  
 Made by their Grannums gamblers by profession ;—



Genius of honesty, vouchsafe one view  
 Of Card professors, enemies to you——  
 The happy portrait give, where rang'd along  
 From end to end illumin'd tables throng.  
 —Sweet conversation ! O ! I mourn thy fall !  
 Thy death is seal'd ; contemn'd, despis'd by all !  
 Rise, black Abuse, from thy unruly bed,  
 And shake thy malice o'er the Junto's head !  
 A goodly Junto ! nobly pair'd and match'd !  
 Where each in self-defence has mischief hatch'd ;  
 One must be loser—Cheating, do thy worst !  
 Should'st win, my friend, thou art by Rivals curst !  
 Curst ! not in words ; for we are all polite,  
 And learn to cheat, and scold, and think it right ;

K

We

We scold our partners by set phrases too,  
 Hinting the name of blockhead is their due ;  
 “ Dear Ma’am, how could you be so thoughtless pray,  
 “ To play that trump ? you’ve given the game away ;  
 Then lowers the brow ; the hand ill-humour takes ;  
 In dudgeon tosses forth the fought for stakes.  
 The sweet amusement of the frowning Queen  
 Full often ends not sudden thus, I ween ;  
 Indignant partner holds her right to scold,  
 Pours torrents, fretted by the loss of Gold ;  
 Sweet Epithets, that sweet amusements grace,  
 Where Ladies nightly bicker face to face.

But whither stray’d the Muse ? her long digression  
 Sung an unworthy theme, the Whist profession.

Back to the mansions of the Country Squires,  
 We trace our Cousins, and their rousing fires ;  
 There social welcome, joy, and truth we find,  
 Tho' clam'rous, rough, the fruits of honest mind ;  
 Amusements glad and rustic grace the scene,  
 Unmix'd with malice, av'rice, spite, or spleen.

Left we the sisters, brothers, hoydens romping,  
 Cousins and visitors, to fiddle jumping ;  
 The buxom Misses, wildly taught to prance,  
 Tear down the middle of a Country dance ;  
 Lead outside thro' the gaping parlour door,  
 Or turn, and run, the partner driv'n before ;  
 Lo ! all the neighbouring Hamlets heard the sounds,  
 And thick with bumkins the great hall abounds.

One 'midst the rest revered and praised for art,  
 The bagpipe fills, and plays his drowfy part ;  
 Echo the shouts of joy ;—light shine the tapers,  
 And the strong couples bounce in lofty capers ;  
 While the wide-grinning face, that came from plough,  
 Sees the fine dance perform'd, and wonders how !

But O wild Maid, with hair and cap in blowze,  
 The eldest daughter of this honour'd house,  
 Thy mirth I love, thy joy, good nature too,  
 Tho' not so sober as thy Cousin Prue !  
 Wilt thou admit advice ? 'tis meant thee kind !  
 Altho' I'm not a partner to thy mind ;  
 For I should not approve such dragging round,  
 Pulling the hair, and lifting off the ground,

Thy

Thy partner half dismay'd, is watching harm,  
 Nor brooks the contest of thy lusty arm ;  
 But to such purpose tends not mine advice,  
 In great concerns of love I should be nice !  
 And chance the courtship of that youth you're dragging,  
 Is thus well-pleas'd, and fondness kept from flagging ;  
 Such be the case ! for 'tis not mine t' inquire,  
 If blows or gentleness fan Cupid's fire ;—  
 Oft have I seen, where real Lovers, snapping  
 And crossly try to catch good humour napping ;  
 Scold, fret, abuse the other, tempers prove  
 If sweet or peevish ; why ? because they love !  
 But yet observe, as in the Music strings,  
 A Harmony at last the Discord brings ;



When tied the Knot, 'tis o'er ; they're tired of strife,  
And jog, and tug along in wedded life.——

This way the words I offer to my fair

Shall tend not ! Love's the Lover's proper care !

But one just wish indulge !—I ask one boon !—

While the Dance frolics in a merry tune,

As thou art gazed at by admiring throng,

Your beauty prais'd, where'er you bounce along,

Intent to deck those ruddy painted arms,

That seem destruction bear to Love's alarms,

O hide the sight, and this your wisdom proves !

Shew not red Elbows, but exhibit Gloves !

Meantime the Squire, in room that scents of wine,

Where the full Party meet and daily dine,

'Midst odours that in fragrant steams ascend  
 From the full bowl, perfuming ev'ry friend,  
 Holds dire authority, in Elbow Chair,  
 Commanding, Bump'ring ev'ry drunkard there;—  
 High Office, Noble, Antient!—mighty Host  
 Ever carouzed with Guest, and ruled the roast  
 But lo! the moderns to improvement tend,  
 Fighting, or kindly forcing bumper'd friend!  
 The Squire's impartial, for not one's excused;  
 If plenty's kindness, each man's nobly used!  
 Think not whoe'er you are, that chanc'd to stay  
 Where such rude dinners fasten'd you to stay,  
 Tho' drench'd a gallon, sick in head and heart,  
 Expect not thus permission to depart;

No ! the scene's just commenc'd ; the Night is long ;  
 Hence many an hour shall bawl the jovial song ;  
 And some shall sprawl, shall sleep, shall sense regain,  
 And then betake themselves to drink again ;  
 Behold that silent deepen'd fellow yonder !  
 Five quarts at least his expectations ponder ;  
 He wastes not words, or breath, but saves them all,  
 To fierce attack at Bonum Magnum's call ;  
 Hark ! the loud chorus bursts ! now pond'rous strokes  
 Of fist on table tell the festive jokes ;  
 —Strong Oaken-leaf, hold fast ! support the blows  
 That each fox-hunting Sot on thee bestows ;  
 Before our predecessors life were quitting,  
 Oft hast thou seen a long and drunken sitting ;

Stout Table ! various mark'd with many a stain !

What wine and punch are stamp'd within thy grain !

Now many an hour vociferation reigns,

Till Drink and Chorus addles each man's brains ;

Hift !—but one tongue is heard ! lets listen then !

What words engage these jolly, pleasant men ?

Exploits of hounds are now in telling glorious ;

How the bay gelding clear'd his leap victorious ;

“ In at the death—no, I was there e're you !

“ 'Tis false—Jack knows the story is not true !”

Then high disputes arise,—a quarrel's bred ;

Bottles and glafs fly at each others head ;—

—Tis reconciled—again they all sit down,

And enmities in double bumpers drown ;

Thus

Thus is the Night half spent—as Clock strikes four,  
 President drops his head, and 'gins to snore ;  
 Down tottering falls a Comrade—sleeps the Man,  
 Who e'erewhile loudest brawl'd, and drank his can ;  
 A few with nodding eye half shut and rolling,  
 With head awhile caught up, but oft'ner falling,  
 Thick lisp the language, mutt'ring to each other,  
 While neither knows the meanings of another ;  
 At last of sicken'd Sots the table's clear ;  
 Stretched on the floor they sudden disappear ;  
 Closed be the pleasant scene—without a call  
 Domestics tend the Exit of them all ;  
 Waiting accustom'd hour, 'till each is dead,  
 They bear the senseless, grumbling beasts to bed.



Great Squire, how pleasant with thee to carouze  
Jovial to pass a winter at thine house !  
Whene'er my stomach indispos'd be grown,  
And asks Emetics to replace it's tone,  
When nerves want rousing, not their prudent joys,  
But Novelty, strange Life, and wond'rous Noise,  
To thee I'll have resort, and seek the sounds  
Of jovial table, and thy roaring hounds.

A NIGHTLY

A NIGHTLY RAMBLE;  
O R,  
A PEEP INTO A CITY.  
A SATYR.

---

HAIL, Curiosity! thy busy Tale

Noxious withal at times may now prevail;

To thee let Poetry acknowledge due

The praise of Knowledge which belongs to you;

Poets on thee should call, and first to chuse

Their Patron thee, 'stead of a senseless Muse;

Thy prying Eye discovers facts most clear,

Thy Judgement whispers them to Poet's Ear;

With me to mansions of Mankind repair,

Collected thick, and call'd a City fair;

Ramble where most you're wanted; movements tell

Actions and modes of them that bear the belle;

Let

Let sketches of frequented scenes appear,

If Satyr is, 'tis gen'ral Satyr's here.

To public shews we tend, not out of strife,

Domestic Tales we tell, to mend Domestic Life.

Mount we together then, and fly on wing

That like the Pidgeon swift shall tidings bring ;—

Soon as the shades of Night are lowering down,

And Lamplighters run post o'er all the town,

The ardour of Observers onward fallies

Thro' miry streets and lanes and gutter'd allies,

Where knee-deep mud, and dire defiles appear,

By City Scavengers clean'd once a year ;——

Now that the covering shade has wrapt all round,

Wond'rous and new shall City scenes abound ;

Thousands

Thoufands come forth oftenfible at night,  
 Whofe viſages are ſcared by midday light ;  
 Some whoſe attire diſguſts a prying eye,  
 Steal out conceal'd by nightſhade of the ſky.  
 Many the troops of Milliners that ſhine  
 Thro' duſky light in Covies ſpruce and fine !  
 Others, your beauties of the trading ſtamp,  
 Shew forth their painted cheeks by light of lamp ;  
 But O ye Virgins frail ! ye wives that ſtray  
 To meet your lovers after cloſe of day,  
 Your ſecrets left obſervers chance to know,  
 Avoid the lamp, or flambeau as you go !  
 Oft have I ſeen continued blaze of light  
 From ſhop to ſhop illuminate the night ;

Lo! what a wond'rous waste of Tapers made!

The cost is equal to the yearly trade;

But all must vie; if neighbour two can handle,

Why should you only light one farthing candle?

There drowsy Shop-boy on the Counter snores,

And dreams of Customers with open doors;

In empty warehouse workman seems at work,

For shop-dame's supper carving slice of pork;

With cap bedizen'd smart as any Virgin,

The Mantua-'prentice is her needle urging,

Not feldom fancying, as the people pass,

A dying Sweetheart peeping thro' the glass.

But, Genius, mark the cause, why from their stands

Tumultuous fray this concourse of sedans;

Lo!

Here



Here opes a passage—crowded are the Porches  
 Where liv'ried fops prepare their rosin'd Torches;  
 See, where the tallow'd socket nail'd within  
 Gives burnish'd blaze reflected from its tin,  
 Where lighted flairs not of the cleanest hue,  
 By gazing folk Plebeian lined we view,  
 Full dress'd and powder'd enters many a Beau,  
 And Belles, adjusting flounces as they go;  
 Ye Beau's, I greet you! curiously array'd,  
 Forgive me, that your figure's here pourtray'd;  
 Comes forth the Youth with legs as trapstic lank,  
 Contrived to shew a wond'rous length of shank;  
 Buckles are seen that would a Giant suit;  
 Square, circle, rhombus, sprawl'd upon the foot;

Who can forget the tumid Frill that furls  
 Beneath the chin, or those most pond'rous curls ?  
 Locks, that immense adorn'd bear down the holder,  
 And give their powder to discolour'd shoul'der ;  
 From well-bush'd hair peeps the sad visage, flat,  
 As squints from sweeping-brush a hidden rat ;  
 Alas ! that e'er the human face divine  
 Should seem deform'd, from lab'ring to be fine !  
 Why should I tell of waistcoat curtail'd in,  
 And small-cloaths lifted to th' astonish'd chin ?  
 With laughter or disgust all mark the bearers,  
 And set down Apes and Monkeys as the wearers.  
 Return we, says the Muse, to yonder place,  
 Where many a dancer shews a lively face ;

'Tis there, my friends, I mean, where beauties bloom  
 Of Belles, and Flirts, yclep'd Assembly room.  
 Sweet Place of gaiety ! since all appear  
 So sprucely dress'd, Politeness must be here ;  
 But sad mistake some find it to their cost !  
 With snubs, or kicks, abuse, or places lost ;  
 But first we say, that when sonorous bell  
 Has rous'd the jigging Lions with it's knell,  
 (Bears I should rather call the men of dance,  
 Who scold, insult and threaten while they prance)  
 The signal's given for noise ; upstarts a crowd,  
 For places scrambling, jostling, swearing loud ;  
 Ye Execrations dire ! ye Dammees clever  
 By Heroes thunder'd, O let's hear thee never !

Ne'er enter rooms polite, but let thy sway die;

Nor reach the tender ears of pretty Lady!—

Let me advise thee, whoso'er thou art,

That thro' twice twenty couple play'st thy part,

Albeit to peace and mildness well inclined,

Yet still consult defence, and safety mind;

Thou know'st not what fierce ruffian, frowning grim,

Tho' in a dress genteel, and smart and trim,

Should he not like thy face, thy manner too

Of Capering high, shall take thee by the queue!

Many a tall, lank bully of the town

Aims at thy place, and tries to shove thee down;

Then closely edge above, nor let a Cranny

Above thee give sufficient room for any!

Look stern, on tiptoe fix'd ; erect, and big  
 Take credit 'mongst the heroes of the jig ;  
 Advance a frown upon thy peaceful brow,  
 As much as say, I'll meet thee when and how ;  
 If e'er a blade to bully thee begins,  
 As not intended, sideways kick his shins—  
 Ten thousand pardons crave—while bucks abound,  
 And drag and drive, kick all about thee round ;  
 This truly will be cause of saving bone,  
 For soon they'll learn to let thy might alone.  
 'Tis said, a peaceful man that lov'd a dance,  
 Affronted round, whene'er he look'd askance,  
 Rather than quit the scene, of Capering baulk'd,  
 Footed it down the midst with pistol cock'd—



Lift to the clacking of that gaudy row,  
 Where red-coat Men, and ribbon'd Misses go;  
 See what a beauteous face and figure's there!  
 Celestial was that form you'd almost swear!  
 Complexion foil'd by many a sick brunette!  
 O that it did not grace a mere Coquette!  
 She ogles all men, cunningly to prove,  
 Each is the man, that fix'd her heart to love;  
 Her nets are spread for all, if one is caught,  
 She tells her conscience, 'tis the poor Man's fault;  
 He speaks his flame—discarded!—all is o'er!  
 She turns to ogle half a hundred more—  
 Rather than such give me your pretty Dabs,  
 Whose tongue not meaning harm, but restless blabs

From circle round with nonsense equal flored,  
 Reciprocal the giggling torrent's pour'd ;  
 Oft amidst these a Son of Mars is found,  
 Who like a Comet throws his flames around ;  
 The Havock's done—a Misses heart's on fire !  
 See the fond couple to yon feat retire !  
 But O ye secret Cupids, that preside  
 Where filly Tales are told, and truth's belied,  
 Reveal not lovesick talk, e'en if you can ;  
 Hide the Nymph's am'rous blush—behind her fan.  
 Behold, the Dance is o'er ; and to and fro  
 Varied as Tulips the gay parties go ;  
 How tall that Nymph, who admiration drew !  
 Stalking upright, she measures six feet two !

It waxes warm ! the Ventilators play  
 From num'rous fans, and chase the heat away ;  
 Fans, that at play assembly room, or church,  
 Ne'er leave the wearer's fancy in the lurch,  
 But bright depicted, shew the wish'd-for treat  
 Of Lovers fainting at their Mistrefs' feet.

Be not so cruel, Matronizing Dames,  
 To watch your charges playing amidst flames !  
 'Tis true that Cupid reigns triumphant here,  
 Foster'd by him may Hymen too appear !  
 Scare not your Doves with frowns—be not so rigid !  
 Our girls must flirt, or stupid seem and frigid ;  
 Press not so soon your Virgins to be gone !  
 So short a pleasure ! better taste of none !

Fear

Fear not that one Man whispers, t'other ogles,  
 One silly fellow laughs, another goggles,  
 For half hour more the eager Set are higling !  
 What harm ? 'tis all mere flirting, dancing, giggling—

Muses, to you I sudden have recourse,  
 Bear me safe onward on Pegasian horse ;  
 Pity a jaded friend, and grant me first ye  
 A draught from Helicon, for I am thirsty ;  
 And then spread forth a wing ; or from the loom  
 Lend me a clue from ball and dancing room ;  
 —'Tis done—and by Parnassian tempests blown,  
 Again the Genius roves around the town.

Full many a place there is, where Satyr's song  
 Would touch the Elves that to it's theme belong ;

Where

Where shutters close, and into parlour lacks  
 A fuller prospect, than is seen thro' cracks,  
 Advance thine eye, and into Council deep  
 Where voices murmur, take one friendly peep!  
 There the true Claret-Lovers smack their lips,  
 And with four bottles please their nightly sips;  
 There many an hour they sit, nor dream of bed,  
 Tho sense is drunk, and cramped up legs are dead;—  
 Have you not often seen a worn out beau,  
 Desperate, determin'd drinker, hobbling go?  
 He groans disease, the world apparent quitting,  
 Albeit unfit to stand, drinks nightly—sitting!  
 Do'st drunkard, think, Man's legs were given him fair,  
 To keep them ten hours fasten'd under chair?

No!



No ! if you revel must, as wise man knows,

Justly ensues Disease—and purple Nose !

Therefore beware ; abstain and make thee fresh ;

Thus to thy callsefs legs thou'lt gather flesh.

And hark ! the pop of cork assails mine ear,

The twenty-fifth good quart decanted here ;

Rather too much, my Guzzlers, for your numbers ;

With speed perform'd—mayhap you drank in tumblers ;

Six of you thus determin'd, as I fear,

Will drain great Bourdeaux vintage in a year !—

Behold to nearest friend who looks so plodding,

Tom Toaster tells his stories, blundring, nodding !

The tales are long—about “ new wine and flask,

“ And how the noble stuff was spoil'd in Cask !

“ Of Coopers vile, deceitful ;—wretched knaves,

“ To give to precious liquor rotten flaves !”

Such is the story, and the tongue is mumbling,

As if the Speaker's frame was nearly tumbling—

—Now give the Dev'l his due—these human Barrels,

Whom we address, are not much giv'n to quarrels ;

These are not swearing Bucks that wander, revel,

Then drink, and fight, and quarrel like the Devil,

(Your real Bloods, that riot, fight at bad-house,

Are only fit for dungeon, or a mad-house)

But these are vet'ran Brothers of the Bottle,

That quiet, snug, and peaceful wet their throttle ;

Are harmless, fix'd for ever upon chair,

Unmoved, as in their Cellars hogheads are ;

No one is told of their performance deep,  
 Save, thro' the keyhole those that take a peep ;—  
 Who can discern such as a Gallon sip,  
 But by the ferret eye, and pimpled Tip ?  
 O wise decree of Nature ! that we view  
 The vice in bursting face of crimson hue !  
 But let us here except, (line, speak the truth)  
 Faces with scurvy painted from their youth—

For short domestic sketches here a place is,  
 Colour'd not quite so deep, as Drinker's faces ;  
 Some of our set unmarried ! some have wives !  
 All Batchelors, I fear, lead fuddled lives ;  
 But lo ! they have no partners of their bed,  
 To annoy with precious fumes of drunken head ;

'Tisly

Tipfy they stagger home, scarce mount the stairs !

But whether drunk or sober no one cares ;

Ah ! worse to tell, and we must fain discover,

Of Husbands nightly loaded half-seas over,

Reeling insensible, or usher'd home,

A decent Ornament of Lady's room.

Now many a house of Coffee has its flocks

Of Loungers dull, that occupy each box ;

Jack Lazy's there, who has nor thought nor word ;

His pastime counts the nails in ev'ry board ;

Or chance a Chronicle three hours amusing,

While ever and anon his senses losing,

He spells, and dozes, starts, and shakes his brain,

Reads an advertisement, and sleeps again.

O that

O that some chastisement were giv'n to such,  
 Who without one idea pore so much ;  
 His dinner oft Jack Lazy has forgotten,  
 Where roast meat was kept back, and mutton rotten ;  
 Thoughtless alike (indiff'rence Loungers boast !)  
 Swallows his Coffee, with a slice of toast.  
 Here half-pay Officer from purse near empty,  
 Expend a Tester, and has news in plenty ;  
 Some that with puff of affluence here resort,  
 Demand extravagant ! a pint of Port ;  
 Lo ! conversation flies the sulky scene !  
 And each man looks astant, devour'd with spleen ;  
 Holds tongue and sentiment, as if to lock it  
 From neighbour, who he's sure would pick his pocket ;



A Saunterer's here, whom pamphlet dry allures,  
 Blinking at Magazines, or new Reviewers,  
 Till with instruction tired and flowing o'er,  
 He rises, gapes, and strides across the floor ;  
 The time is tedious ; dangling from its chain,  
 The watch is look'd at o'er and o'er again—  
 At China-loaded bar, where Hostess' daughter  
 Adapts the tea to sugar, milk and water,  
 The Beaus assemble ; joking all are at her,  
 While the pert Minx enlivens them with chatter ;  
 They praise around by turns her various charms,  
 Her cap, her hair, and ruddy mantling arms ;  
 Till puff'd with vanity at all she hears  
 She bridles, dimples, smiles, and smirks, and leers.

In yonder street behold a Chariot train  
 Rattle 'along with lights, and footmen twain ;  
 A Lady fair we view by blaze of flame ;  
 Who is't ?—a full drefs'd, fashionable Dame ;  
 Dearest of Spoufes !—Husband best of men  
 Domestic settled in his bed by ten,  
 She all the night has gadded it about,  
 From Playhouse to the Ball, and thence to rout ;  
 How much in gaming she has thrown away,  
 Blushes the sober Muse asham'd to say ;  
 Sweet Lanfquinette's her joy, Vantune, and Loo,  
 If bets are high, cold Guinea Whift will do ;  
 For these she lives unknowing to discern  
 The blifs of home, domestic wife concern ;

She owes two hundred ;—what then's to be done ?

How to retrieve, when ev'ry Shilling's gone ?

Spouse shall not facts be told ; for he was drain'd

Ten times before, and ev'ry nerve was strain'd ;

Besides, he'll doubtless lecture, rant and rave,

And chance dismiss her, tho' she pardon crave ;

Of loss and debts he shall not know the least,

Lest the new quarrel prove beyond a jest ;—

—Thus in perplexities for squander'd pelf,

The gambling female counsels to herself ;

As gaming debts, 'tis said are debts of honour,

The Creditor no doubt will draw upon her ;

Muse, break thee off—let one remark prevail,

'Tis well, if female beauty is not frail.

Early at Eve, where rambling eye has been,  
 It spy'd, to this a well-contrasted scene;  
 Glad Hymen, come! I call thine honour'd name!  
 Forth to the world thy triumphs full proclaim!  
 And thou, Felicity, most tranquil Maid,  
 In purest robe of innocence array'd,  
 To them that search thee out, unfold and tell,  
 Where Thou uninterrupted lov'st to dwell;  
 The Genius found thee, where with Love, with peace,  
 The wedded Pair enjoy'd the hours of ease;  
 The chearful blaze in ruddy hearth uprose,  
 Bright'ning the faces, where good humour glows;  
 Grateful the scene! where free with parents dear,  
 The children prattled nonsense in their ear,

Or climb'd the Father's arms, or sat around,  
 While Lectures, Jokes, or stories full abound;  
 We saw the faithful couple cast a glance  
 Of Love and Bliss congratulating glance;  
 One youngster rides his hobby—Lo! all fix  
 Their riding seat, and canter upon sticks;  
 And with them Parent too was seen to fool  
 An hour or more, transgressing rigid rule;  
 Till hush'd at length the tumult, pleasures sage  
 Succeeded, gather'd from instructive page;  
 Or Prose or Verse amused, while tranquil mind  
 Of Partner, swift imbibed the comment kind.  
 And there too Music, sweetest Goddess (found  
 To fit the soul to joys, with rapture crown'd)



Added her pleasures, sometime known to reign, .

And vary sweet one hour with tuneful strain.

The blisful scene beheld, revering lays

Of ev'ry Muse were summon'd to it's praise ;

Incredulous the Genius look'd again ;—

—His Satyr vanish'd—dropt his galling Pen.

## EPISTLES

# EPISTLES

FROM SWADLINBAR \* ADDRESS'D TO RICHARD  
 ——— Esq.

## EPISTLE I.

DEAR Richard, I find it a very hard matter,  
 To write in the midst of a bustle and clatter ;  
 Such walking and riding ; such coaching and jaunting,  
 Such galloping Misses, loud giggling and flaunting !  
 But soon I shall give a description of these ;  
 Let me speak of our travels at first if you please.

From — we set off on a prosperous day,  
 For a brightening sky led us forth on our way ;  
 We rummaged and squeezed, and at length we were stow'd  
 For a journey — tho' ignorant quite out of the road.

M 3

Our

---

\* Swadlinbar is a watering place in the North-West of Ireland,  
 resorted to by much company.

Our train was a grand one ; a Coach led the way,  
 Then a carriage with maids, and an empty postchay.†  
 Such handboxes, trunks, and portmanteau's were flow'd,  
 That the poor wretched horses groan'd under the load ;  
 Methought we resembled to all who had met us,  
 A party of strollers, but that did'nt fret us ;  
 Or Fidlers, who quitting the town have their bases  
 All cramm'd on the carriage, with fiddles and cases ;  
 But not to detain you by too long a story  
 Of all that befell us, I'll just lay before ye  
 A trifling misfortune or two that occur'd  
 On the road, which perhaps you may never have heard.  
 At a town they call —— at the dusk of the night,  
 Unexpected we met with a terrible fright ;

Our

---

† No apology need be made for mutilating the word 'postchaise'—

Our coaches drove up, at an Inn we alighted,  
 We enter'd in spirits, and highly delighted;  
 Tho' lately so pack'd, now had freedom for action;  
 And the thoughts of a supper gave great satisfaction.  
 But alas! disappointment attends us in life,  
 For here we met nothing but bustle and strife;  
 A Landlord as drunk as a bear, and as rough,  
 With his wig of one side, and his countenance bluff,  
 Attack'd us, as up we ascended by pairs,  
 And first having kick'd the poor waiter down stairs,  
 With language abusive, and malice and spite,  
 Swore none of us there should have beds for the night.  
 With the Coachman he'd quarrel'd, & while he was able,  
 None should ever affront either him or his stable.

Thus

Thus said, in an attitude strutting around,  
 He fumed and he fretted, and stamp'd on the ground,  
 Amazed the good Company first stood aghast ;  
 Then struck with a Panic retreated in haste ;  
 The Ladies flew forth in this terrible case  
 To the coach, as they thought it the properest place ;  
 Loud screeching and squalling and quaking within,  
 And fancied the Devil himself in the Inn ;  
 While the Captain advancing the Drunkard to meet,  
 Defended us safely and closed the retreat ;—  
 The Horses put to, in the night we were jumbled,  
 And many a mile we were jolted and tumbled ;  
 All hungry and weary and fretted within,  
 Till without a disaster we reach'd a good Inn.



Our Journey continued for several days,  
 And I shall not inform you of trifling delays ;  
 Of little vexations and frights of the women,  
 That hills were too steep, and that robbers were coming ;  
 One sick, and one puling, for all our good care,  
 And another that held out her head for the air.  
 An inside Companion, a dog, you must learn,  
 Gave one of the Ladies a deal of concern ;  
 The brute had a hurt in his leg without joke,  
 But she cried and lamented for fear it was broke.  
 His howl, with his mistresses screeching absurd,  
 Was music, that never till then I had heard.  
 Her cares they were many,—she often look'd out,  
 To see if her horses and servants were stout ;

At

At the turn of the roads, with anxiety great,  
 To know if the Retinue travell'd in State ;  
 Such plenty of cakes ! for refreshing who'd stop ?  
 We had ev'ry provision of pastrycook's shop.  
 Our drivers behaved with the utmost decorum,  
 And stoppt only once in a mile for a jorum.

To a certain good Inn on the journey the train went,  
 And hoped at a breakfast for nice entertainment ;  
 The chamber we enter'd, tho' not very clean,  
 We did not regard, as our stomachs were keen ;  
 The bread and the butter were good to appearance,  
 And we thought to have eaten with great perseverance.  
 The tea and the toast were both hot and inviting,  
 And all promised better than at our alighting ;

Devouring

Devouring and starv'd we fell to at the table,  
 And hurried with all the good speed we were able.  
 When sudden, a scourge to our appetites wicked,  
 Sous fell in the middle a torrent of liquid ;  
 Broke forth from the cieling the envious Foe,  
 And Harpylike spoil'd all our victuals below.  
 Not stream of the river or fountain, I fear,  
 But yellow, resembling the colour of beer ;  
 We started aside, and in very sad mood,  
 Sought eager to find out the cause of the flood.  
 Thus oft in a city the neighbours are seen  
 To run to and fro, and the servants convene,  
 Alarm'd when an aqueduct bursts under ground,  
 And sluic'd with a torrent the kitchen is drown'd.

Our

Our Lawyer had greater disaster than we,  
 For his coat was all spoil'd, beside losing his tea:  
 His hair was unluckily under the tide,  
 And soon of a yellower colour was dyed;  
 Calamity never approaches alone,  
 For soon as the teasing misfortune was known,  
 The Barrister chanced to be looking up high,  
 And received all the liquor full into his eye.  
 And as he was carelessly picking his tooth,  
 A plentiful stream tumbled into his mouth.

My stomach uneasy from all these affairs,  
 I left the wet party, and hurried down stairs;  
 Above, our Companion, was still in a float,  
 But the Ladies assisted in wiping his coat.

There

There he sat in his chair in most pitiful case,  
 With many distortions of figure and face,  
 Distress'd like a Lunatic who to be cured,  
 Has pails of cold Element over him pour'd.

With Air and Perfumes now a Quarantine made,  
 A decent and cleaner breakfast was laid ;  
 But such was our fare, and so dainty before,  
 That none of the company chose any more.

Thus, Richard, I've taken up much of your time,  
 With true-stated facts, but nonsensical rhyme ;  
 Prepare to hear from me again at my leisure,  
 As you wish me to write, I shall do it with pleasure.

EPISTLE II.



# E P I S T L E II.

FROM SWADLINBAR TO RICHARD ———— Esq.

**A**T length I have borrow'd a moment of time,  
 From parties of pleasure to send you a rhyme ;  
 There's nobody here that imagines they need  
 Be so dull, as to study, or scribble, or read ;  
 But lest my sobriety come to an end,  
 I'll try to be serious, and write to my friend.

Perhaps it may please you to hear our employments,  
 Our breakfasting, dancing, and other enjoyments ;  
 New characters also may pleasure afford,  
 From the Citizen dapper to powder'd my Lord ;  
 The Misses afford a most wonderful scope  
 To my pen, no offence to the Ladies, I hope.

I'll begin with accounts of a long Summer's day,  
 And tell you how merry we pass it away ;  
 In the morning as early as possible, all  
 The Company rise, except after a ball ;  
 From the doors and the windows they pop their heads out,  
 Like rabbits from boroughs, all peeping about ;  
 A riding they go, for the only resource  
 Of an Idler's to mount on the back of his horse.  
 The Cavalry's seen on the roads in a troop,  
 Or small private parties, a soberer group ;  
 With these as the fashion is catching you know,  
 I join in the party, and galloping go ;  
 From thence to the fountain, a wild pretty spot,  
 Whose beauties by me can be never forgot,

But

But to give a romantic description by letter,  
 I think I can otherwise please you much better.  
 Within a small well a clear water they draw,  
 That Physicians have praised as a very fine Spaw.  
 A crowd of fine Ladies and Gentlemen there,  
 Drink deep of the water, and snuff the foul air ;  
 For this wonderful Spaw has a favour so strong,  
 You may nose it a space of twice fifty yards long.  
 There gouty old fellows around take their places,  
 And drunkards, and fops, with their carbuncled faces ;  
 In hopes by their drinking a gallon or two,  
 The Disorder to drive from their head or their toe.  
 An intemperate scene ! for they drench it is plain,  
 The next day to revel with Bacchus again ;

Whatever

Whatever disease is incurr'd after dinner,

At morn by the water's wash'd off from the Sinner.

Lo ! a place of amusement for Ladies hard by,

Where they mount in a swing and are toss'd up on high ;

All give their assistance, and many a thump

The Miss, as she's flying, receives on the rump ;

Miss Kitty Virago ascended one day,

With her heels in the air she was rattled away ;

Before she was seated, the barbarous pack

Set her off with a violent jerk at her back ;

She screech'd and she squall'd, said her head turn'd round ;

But still they would not let her get to the ground ,

A rapid Phænomenon borne to the moon !

While ev'ry one gazed at the mighty Balloon.

Her feathers so high, and her Cork spread behind,  
 Were so light as to fly on the wings of the wind.  
 The joke was too near being serious it's true,  
 As forth from the rope she unluckily flew ;  
 And dreadful to think on, so great was the clatter,  
 That nobody tried, or to save, or come at her ;  
 Half naked she flew in a terrible plight,  
 While ev'ry one stood all astonish'd with fright ;  
 And worse would have been the disaster, but Lo !  
 In the front run a deep little river below ;  
 In the middle she fell on a sudden slapdash,  
 And we who stood by, were all wet by the splash.

I have seen, when a Fisher in hurry to cram on  
 The bank of the stream, a live parcel of Salmon ;



One bigger than all of a ponderous jole,  
 Leaps fous in the tide, and the billows all roll ;  
 So with Kitty Virago the waters divide,  
 Such a Fish was enough to have troubled the tide.

Some walking, some running, see many a lafs,  
 To hurry the water, and take t'other glafs ;  
 Some after a race, notwithstanding the jokes,  
 And flaring and laughing of all the good folks,  
 Retire to the rooms of the Spa from the air,  
 But we make no enquiry, what carries 'em there.

Old Timber see hobbling along the smooth walk,  
 And hunting the Ladies, and wishing to talk,  
 But none will come near him, and run away ever,  
 Which he wonders at much, as he thinks himself clever.

There smart Doctor Bolus I spy with a crowd,  
 Attentive and silent, haranguing them loud ;  
 Crying, " what are your waters sulphureous\* ? tut ye !  
 " They're bad, Sir, destructive ; a fool was that Ratty,†  
 " Who much recommends such a villainous spring ;  
 " He's wrong, Sir, mistaken in every thing.  
 " The med'cines I bring with me here to this place,  
 " Will really cure all the spots in your face.  
 " I have many prescriptions still better than these,  
 " For the gout, and the gravel, and ev'ry disease.  
 The tight-buckled Doctor then strutting about,  
 Thinks none of the wiseacres can find him out.

Hark ! the sound of a dulcimer, scrape of a fiddle,  
 Calls the company round to a house in the middle,  
 Where

---

\* Swadlinbar Spa is Sulphureous

† Doctor Ratty, who wrote on the mineral waters of Ireland.

Where breakfast provided, with cauldrons of tea,  
 And butter and toast in abundance we see ;  
 —But already I've fill'd up the space of a letter,  
 So I finish, and wish that the next may be better.

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## E P I S T L E III.

FROM SWADLINBAR TO RICHARD ——— Esq.

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To proceed with my former intended narration  
 Of the breakfast, and give you a faithful relation ;

I enter'd along with the first of the throng,  
 And saw the remainder all passing along ;  
 Miss Clackit, Miss Screech, and Miss Pert came together,  
 And you know the old proverb of birds of a feather ;  
 They laugh'd, talk'd so loud, and that all in a breath,  
 That with folly and nonsense they stunn'd us to death ;

What agreeable Spirits ! when nonsense is spoke,

To be able to giggle without any joke !

Next grave Doctor Sullen, a learned Divine,

Whose face was expressive in every line,

Of Anger, if any one dared to begin

To laugh, for he held it a reprobate sin.

Mrs. Drippin went in, and wherever you've been;

So ruddy a colour you never have seen ;

Her beautiful neck she was pleased to discover,

Which vied with her face and was purple all over,

The idea she gave me, believe me no liar,

Was that of a piece of roast beef at the fire.

With her came Miss Tiffany, sweet little lass,

Who ogles and leers at the men as they pass.

Now

Now a bustle ensued at the table where meet

All the parties, and strive who shall get the best seat ;

All running and striding o'er benches and table,

They crowd for a breakfast, as well as they're able.

Lord Snuffle sat down at the top of the row,

And Mrs. Bumshuffle a little below ;

Then old Mrs. Sleepy, who while tea was making

Took snuff in abundance to keep herself waking ;

Besides there were there,

Miss Bull, and Miss Bear,

And Miss Barbara Stare ;

Lady Brilliant and daughter,

Whom the famed Doctor Slaughter

Had sent to the water ;

Miss



Miss Carrots, Miss Quizz,  
 Miss Toke, and Miss Frizz ;  
 Madam Whisker, Miss Crave,  
 And the old Lady Ihave,  
 Who there took a place, Sir,  
 With her friend Mrs. Razor.

Some others were present whose names I have lost,  
 That paid their respects to the Butter and toast.  
 Of the men, if my memory I can rely on,  
 Mr. Mouse, Mr. Lamb, and great Captain O'Lyon ;  
 Lord Itch, Mr. Brimstone, two persons of worth,  
 Possess'd of extensive estates in the North ;  
 Mr. Sloven was there, Mr. Prim, Mr. Sightly,  
 Old Dolt, Captain Lumber, and Jacky Golightly ;

Some

Some friends got together, old Cass, Mr. Price,  
Captains Faro, and Blackleg, and Doctor Macdise.

Now the fiddle and dulcimer enter'd, and soon  
Serenaded the eaters with many a tune ;  
With talking and Music there rose such a clatter,  
Outside you'd have wonder'd what could be the matter.  
For a simile, let me compare it to hell,  
In a hubbub when headlong the Devils all fell ;  
' Twas impossible ever to hear conversation,  
But a scrap now and then of some silly narration ;  
Or calling out, " Tea, Ma'am, or Chocolate, say !  
" I never take sugar—some Coco, Ma'am, pray !  
" Fill the teapot, I'll thank ye—don't stir, Sir, I beg—  
" O Dear, Sir, I fear I have scalded your leg——

" Here,

" Here, Waiter, where are you? cream, Ma'am do you wish?

" Is the tea to your liking? pray take t'other dish;

" Bring Chocolate here to the top of the table;—

" More toast—and of muffins as much as you're able;

" Lady Brilliant, you've eaten no breakfast; I feel

" For your headach——Dear Madam, I've eaten a deal;

Then loud play'd the fiddlers, tho' bad at the best,

As if it would make all the victuals digest;

The clamour continued, till all were supplied

With tea, toast and butter, and muffins beside;

Some had bowls full of milk, nicely fill'd to the brim,

Others whetted their stomachs, with cake they call Slim.

But as cakes for a breakfast are quite a delusion,

Eggs were added to these in the utmost profusion.

At length all was hush'd, as tempestuous gales  
 Sudden sink to a calm, and a silence prevails.  
 Or as oft at a board in a party of Squires,  
 When Hilarity lights up it's cordial fires,  
 That ascend to the brain in vast bumpers of liquor,  
 And Vociferous tempest grows thicker and thicker,  
 Lo ! soon as they've swill'd each a gallon or more,  
 And muddled and speechless are strew'd on the floor,  
 The thunder is lull'd of the deafening noises,  
 And buzzes the murmuring fall of the voices,  
 So our party desisted from clamorous sound,  
 And nought but the whisper of Misses went round.  
 E'en the music left off, and how happy was I  
 When they laid both their bows and their violins by ;

Being

Being jamm'd in a crowd, and no way of escaping,  
 A headach I got from the thrumming and scraping.  
 Now the company suddenly rose from their places,  
 With handkerchiefs wiping their mouths and their faces;  
 Alas ! with hot weather, hot tea, 'tis the case,  
 That indelicate signs will appear in the face.  
 Behold ! a confusion encreased more and more,  
 And of compliments pass'd a profusion before  
 Any one of the company'd pass thro' the door. }  
 " Excuse me, dear Ma'am ! could I possibly go  
 " 'Fore your Ladyship ? surely I could not do so !  
 " Dear Sir,—pray, my Lord—O I could not indeed—  
 " Go on, Sir ; I beg you will go in my stead.  
 As I now grew impatient, I very much fear'd,  
 'Twould be time for our dinner, when all would be clear'd

But



But at length the good people grew tired of the matter,  
And burst forth at once in confusion and clatter.

Unwilling too much on your time to intrude,  
I therefore abruptly beg leave to conclude.

## E P I S T L E IV.

FROM SWADLINBAR TO RICHARD ——— Esq;

To continue my subject, when all had got out,  
The Ladies and Gentlemen scatter'd about ;  
But some of them gather'd their cavalry forces,  
And assisted each other to mount on their horses ;  
Then away they went riding, all pleas'd beyond measure,  
For riding prevails as a principal pleasure ;  
And the men on their saddles, the women on pillions,  
Nearly travel as much as the hackney postillions.

A party

A party I met, Mr. Dolt, and his uncle  
 Old Block, my Lord Snuffle, and Mr. Carbuncle,  
 Who propos'd to a circle of Ladies to make  
 As the weather was charming a tour to the Lake.\*  
 (A Lake that is distant not many a mile,  
 And adorn'd on it's banks in a beautiful file.)  
 They kindly ask'd me with the people invited,  
 For they knew with a scheme I was highly delighted.  
 Having sent a good plenty of victuals and wine,  
 We set off, on the water intending to dine;  
 The coaches and chaises drove swiftly along,  
 And the horsemen advanc'd in a numerous throng;  
 See the Phaeton first where Lord Snuffle alone is,  
 How he lashes and gallops his poor little ponies!

—Jogging

\* Lough Erne, the largest Lake in Ireland, said to be 50 miles long; it's shore is 5 miles from Swadlinbar.

—Jogging on with his usual caution and fear,  
 Slow comes Mr. Lumber, and brings up the rear ;  
 Thus when on the day of a market one sees  
 Fast driv'n on the road a large party of geese,  
 One slower than all of the travelling flock,  
 O'erglutted and weighty, or lame by a knock,  
 Drags on in the rear of the crowd that is gone,  
 So heavy and gouty old Lumber came on.

At length we arrived on the banks of the lake,  
 All eager the fresh water voyage to take ;  
 Some gay-powder'd sparks took the Ladies in charge,  
 And safely conducted them down to a barge,  
 Supplied by his Lordship who dwells by the lake,  
 For the company thither their parties to make ;

Captain

Captain Spindle was chief of our party that day,  
 And took all the care of directing our way ;  
 We enter'd the boat, when the Ladies were handed ;  
 But alas ! we found out that the vessel was stranded ;  
 And I very much fear'd, with the crowd in the boat,  
 When we deepen'd our water, she scarcely would float.  
 A delay then ensued, in which most of the throng  
 Disembark'd and assisted to push her along ;  
 At length we row'd forward, when all was set right,  
 With the Ladies as usual in terrible fright ;  
 The crowd was so great, tho' the most of them merry,  
 That we nearly resembled a mob in a ferry ;  
 O ! could I set down ev'ry word that was spoke,  
 I'd tell you of many an excellent joke ;

Some modest, but some beyond decency's laws,  
 To which all the men gave the loudest applause ;  
 And the women by tittering seem'd to declare,  
 Such gaieties scarce disagreeable were.

Now the weather grew dark, and the wife and prophetic,  
 Foreboded a tempest, and were I poetic,  
 I'd tell you, that " clouds in the welkin around  
 Wide-mingled, deep plunging, and brooding profound ;  
 By an awning the Ladies were cover'd, but we  
 Stood expos'd to the rage of the winds and the sea ;  
 On a sudden a deluge pour'd on us, as when  
 A shower descends on the sheep in a pen ;  
 We arrang'd as secure as we could without form,  
 Some vex'd, some admiring the Lake in a storm ;

O

I yielded



I yielded with patience, for who would have fretted,  
 Or in such pleasant company grudge to be wetted?  
 To add to the pleasure, the waves ran so high,  
 They drench'd us as much as the clouds from the sky.  
 We pull'd for the Shore in this terrible plight,  
 All silent, and many half dead with the fright;  
 And nearly arriving, both dripping and wet,  
 By a squall, we were suddenly all overfet;  
 Neither hurt, nor in danger, we fell with great ease,  
 As the depth of the water was scarce to our knees.

O ye Muses, who Virgil assisted to rattle  
 His thundering verse in the midst of a battle,  
 Or properly Ye, that described to him true,  
 Of Æolus, and his tempestuous crew,

Describing

Describing the persons, and armour\* of men

As plung'd in the deep and now floating again,

Assist thy sad votary here to disclose,

The dipping of Ladies, and spoiling of clothes ;

Good verse and good courage grant to the relater,

To bring all the company forth from the water.

The Gentlemen tried the poor Ladies to haul in,

Who sat in the water all screeching and squalling ;

Captain Spindle the tallest in company bore

An old Lady aloft on his back to the shore ;

While my Lord most politely conducted the daughter

With scraping and bows thro' the midst of the water.

The remainder succeeded all shaking their clothes,

Drag'd forth in a crowd by the wet dripping beaus ;

O 2

The

---

\* Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto,  
Arma virum. VIRGIL.

The Ensign was highly successful that day,  
 Or else a life might have been lost in the fray ;  
 Mrs. Drippin was sunk in deep water, it's true,  
 But she drag'd herself forth by the hair of his queue !  
 Loud crying, " O what shall I do ? what a dipping ?  
 'Twere better to stay with my dear Mr. Drippin.  
 Alas ! he knows nothing of this sad mishap,  
 For now he is taking his afternoon's nap."  
 Then grasping her cloak in the fear of being lost,  
 'Tuck'd up, shewing legs nearly thick as a post,  
 She sigh'd and she sobb'd, took the offer'd relief,  
 And waddled out slowly, an emblem of grief.  
 Mr. Bruin cried, " haste, Madam, out of the way go !"  
 Then climb'd o'er the back of Miss Kitty Virago ;

And

And where alongside, by a ponderous charge  
 Of water upturn'd, lay the forrowful barge,  
 He slept on it's bottom, secure from the shock,  
 And stood like a cormorant perch'd on a rock.  
 Meantime in the water lay feminine squallers ;  
 Oh ! how I did pity the dear caterwaulers !  
 'Twould have melted your heart, to have seen the sad thumps  
 That the rude saucy billows bestow'd on their rumps ;  
 Then each as she rose 'mid the boisterous din,  
 How closely the drapery stuck to her skin !  
 Not plainer was once by artificer's whim  
 Mark'd out the proportion of figure or limb.  
 Nor finer did Græcian Statues disclose,  
 The vest and the shape from the head to the toes.

Behold to increafe all the Ladies mishaps,  
 A slaughter of ruffles, pins, tuckers and caps !  
 There Mr. Carbuncle uprising fo big,  
 Had many a ribbon fast fluck to his wig ;  
 I pitied him truly ;—in ruddinefs higher  
 His pimples affum'd an additional fire ;  
 His nofe, tho' well watered, unquench'd by the fame,  
 Appear'd like a lobster in midft of a flame ;  
 Had Neptune peep'd out of the deep at the farce,  
 He had laugh'd at his triumph o'er Cupid and Mars,  
 For of Officers lay an unfortunate band,  
 Unable to give to the Ladies a hand ;  
 Abufing the boatmen, in forrow tho' louder  
 For wetting their hair, and the lofs of the powder ;

Jacky



Jacky Dolittle there, the delight of Mama,  
 Thrown forth from her arms in the stormy fracas,  
 Gave uneasiness vast to the anxious dame,  
 And crawling and bawling she echoed his name ;  
 Then finding her pet, he was hugg'd to her soul,  
 While she pillor'd him fast by the nape of his poll,  
 'Till at length nearly choak'd by a stifling embrace,  
 The unfortunate stripling grew black in the face.

Now another sad terror ensued, and I may die,  
 If I can describe the distress of the Lady ;  
 For a darling a motherly heart must be full ;  
 No wonder she bellow'd and roar'd like a bull ;  
 She drew from her pocket a cordial of ease,  
 Which oft she had used her own stomach to please,

(A liquor

(A liquor too heady, that fots are trepann'd by,  
 And old women tippie, call'd commonly brandy)  
 She gave it profuse from immoderate flask,  
 And fulfill'd to the youngster the motherly task,  
 'Till he lifted his head, and half drunk 'gan to stir it,  
 Wide rolling his eyes with the fullness of spirit.  
 The unfortunate old Mr. Lumber to save,  
 They tow'd him along thro' the foam of the wave ;  
 Our Rev'rend Divine the calamity bore,  
 And gravely and solemnly stalk'd to the shore.  
 For myself, being drench'd and so wetted before,  
 The latter mishap did'nt trouble me more ;  
 But often I waded, as short was the distance,  
 And to each in succession gave all my assistance.

Besides

Besides a few men of estate and condition,  
 There was dipp'd in the water an able Physician ;  
 To enforce his prescription, he down on his face went,  
 And practis'd cold bathing along with his Patient.  
 And alas ! as unfortunate he as the best,  
 Nay had more to complain of than most of the rest,  
 For his hat, a misfortune 'twas hard to deride,  
 And his full powder'd wig floated off with the tide.

When we landed, as still the rain fell helter skelter,  
 We went with all speed to a cottage for shelter ;  
 But the Misses could scarcely go faster than snails,  
 From the weight of the water that dripp'd from their tails.  
 Arrived at the Cottage and safe from the storm,  
 They ran to the chimney to make themselves warm ;

But

But alas ! all around it was horrid and dark,  
 And of fire we could scarcely discover a spark ;  
 It was shortly coucluded, tho' wet all the while,  
 We must run thro' the rain to the House of Bellisle.  
 Distressful indeed, and most truly alarming !  
 To leave a smug house without getting a warming ;  
 But no other resource, to Bellisle to repair  
 We agreed, and the Ladies again took the air.

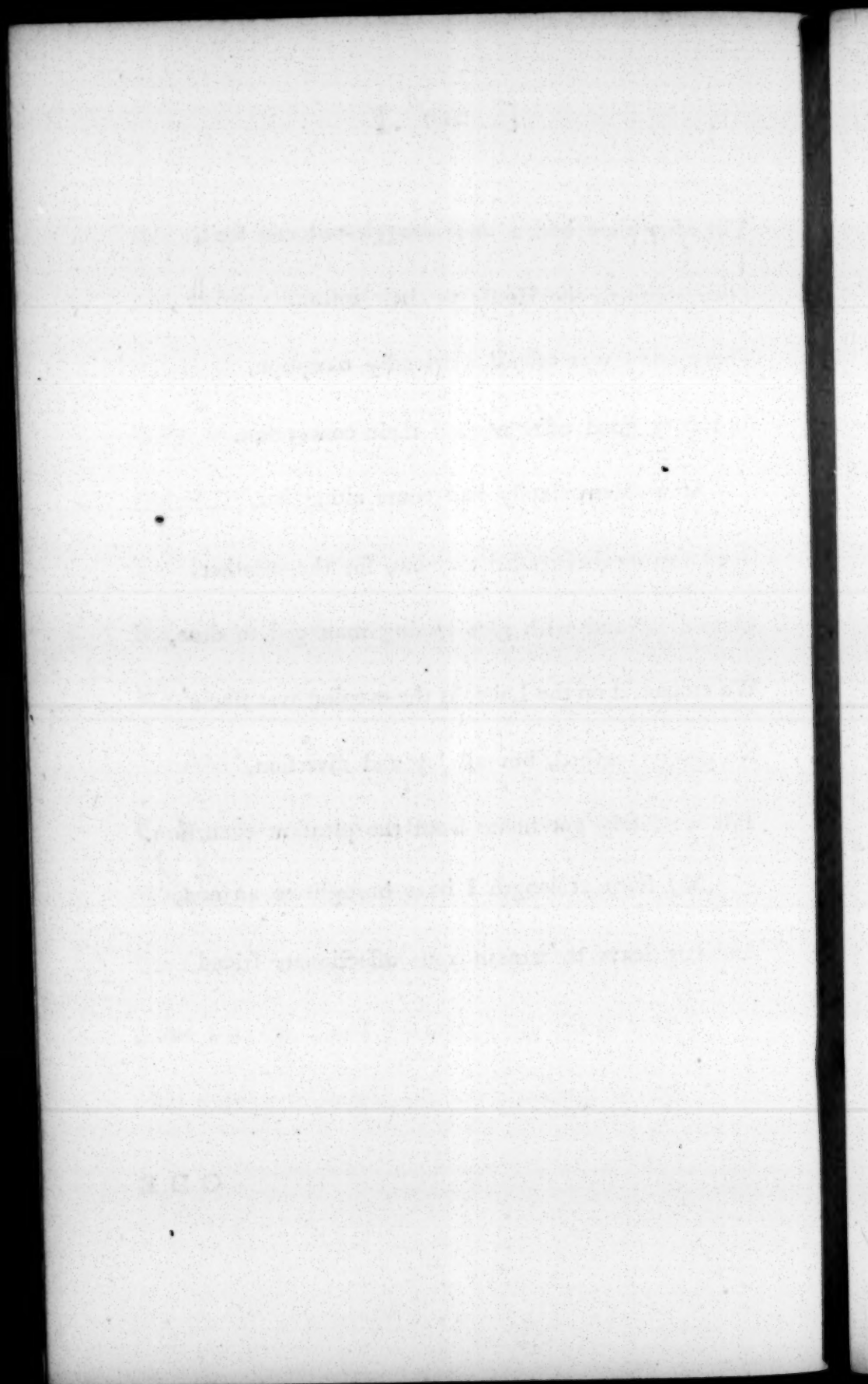
As I fear I shall tire you, and take up your time,  
 I'll soon put an end to my story and rhyme ;  
 Without further description I'll leave to your cunning,  
 To fancy the Misses all scuddling and running ;  
 Some screeching and groaning with many a sigh,  
 Half willing to laugh, yet more willing to cry,

'Till after they had a most draggle-tail run for't,  
 They came to the House to their infinite comfort ;  
 There truly was offer'd a friendly reception,  
 And ev'ry good offer beyond their conception.

As accidents lately had come altogether,  
 Good fortune befriended us now, for the weather  
 Clear'd up and with glee having managed to dine,  
 We embark'd on the Lake, as the evening was fine ;  
 No danger ensued, but all joy and diversion,  
 Till we safely got home from the pleasant excursion.

My story at length I have brought to an end,  
 And beg leave to remain your affectionate friend





O D E,

ADDRESSED TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS  
PRINCE WILLIAM HENRY,  
ON HIS ARRIVAL IN CORK.

---

S T A N Z A.

SEE with furl'd sail the vessel ride,  
As Cannons roaring fill th' impetuous tide,  
And Royal Prefence with rough voice allow !  
Behold ! the Anchor falls ! the harbour'd Prow  
Is moor'd by joyful Seaman's hand !  
Around ye Waters, gently flow,  
Placid Zephyrs, mildly blow,  
Ye waves, assuage your murmur hoarse,  
While WILLIAM leaves his wat'ry course,  
And deigns to visit glad IERNE's land.

C H O R U S.

Dominions all of England's King,  
Peoples and States, Britannia's Monarch hail !  
For Loyalty can rouse a rapt'rous string,  
And praise of mighty GEORGE shall never fail !

With

With all the sounds we praise  
 That num'rous Voice can raise !  
 Greet the kind Ruler of his Subjects true !  
 The Son we hail, whom one day all shall view  
 Triumphant o'er Britannia's foes,  
 The dazzling Sun, that early rose  
 To waft his splendours o'er the deep,  
 Whom Vict'ry's self shall safest keep,  
 When the great Hero to the astonish'd fight,  
 In Britain's Cause, if Foes press sorely on her,  
 Thro' thund'ring Squadrons dauntless pours the fight,  
 And Navies leads to Glory, Triumph, Honour

## S T R O P H E.

O Joy unfelt and unconceiv'd before !  
 Erst to Ierne such hath never been !  
 Lo ! on her Loyal and her faithful Shore,  
 The much-lov'd GEORGE's Royal Offspring seen !  
 What heart expands not with the thought ?  
 What mind but feels its joy, its good ?  
 No Tongue is silent ! distant brought  
 Hibernians throng to honour Royal blood !

ANTISTROPHE.

## A N T I S T R O P H E.

Happy was the Gale  
 That fill'd the swelling sail,  
 And with propitious breeze,  
 To blest Hibernia's good,  
 Wafted thee hither, Virtuous Prince,  
 Safe thro' the rough Atlantic flood;  
 All gratitude be ours,  
 Ierne WILLIAM deigns to favour,  
 Some time in War's (far be they) dang'rous hours  
 His Love, and Prowess of his Arm shall save Her.

## C H O R U S.

Then lift the sounds of Song!  
 Unrivall'd Themes of Loyalty and Praise  
 (To Ireland's Prince all Honours full belong)  
 Awake our joyful tho' aspiring Lays;  
 Approach we then, our voices raise,  
 To sound our King and Prince's praise;  
 Long may WILLIAM glad the place  
 Where ev'ry heart affection pays!

But

But should the Monarch call him home,  
Or further o'er the seas to roam,  
All Good attend him, Safety, Honour there,  
Is each HIBERNIAN's wish, and ev'ry Subject's pray'r.



END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.



